

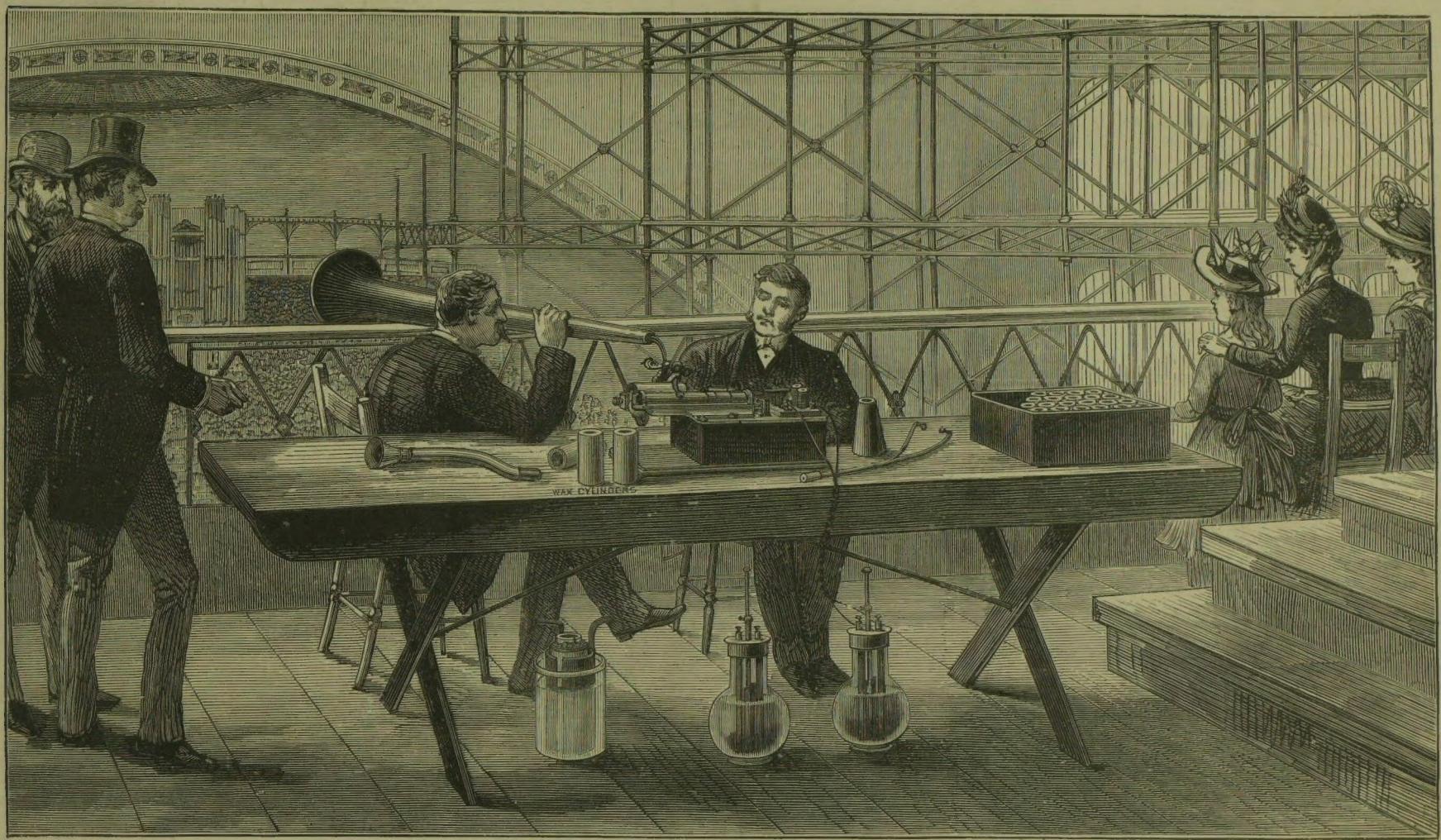
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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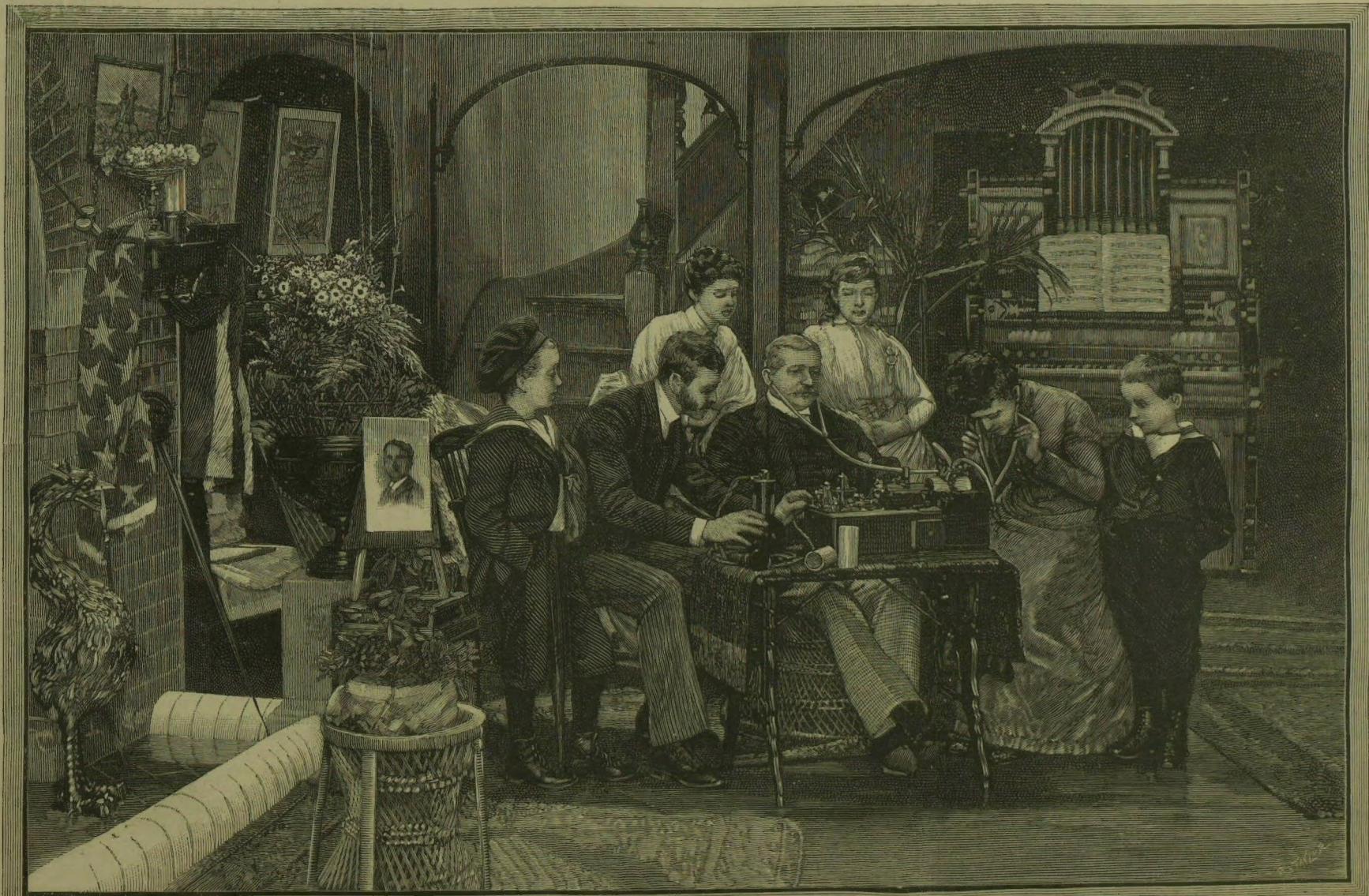
No. 2569.—VOL. XCIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



EDISON'S PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH IN USE IN THE PRESS GALLERY DURING THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM AMERICA BY EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To the Lambeth Conference I have not been an invited guest, which I regret for many reasons, but especially because I miss the society of the American Bishops. During the Pan-Anglican Synod I was more fortunate, and I found them charming. Though not a whit, of course, less of divines than our English dignitaries, they are much more human. They mix with their fellow-creatures more as if they belonged to them, and wear their lawn with a difference—as it were, tucked in. There is more frankness and freedom in their talk, and they don't think it wicked even to be witty; whereas, when our Anglican prelates (with some exceptions, however) condescend to joke, it is rather a serious business. The Transatlantic Bishop never forgets that he is an ecclesiastic, but he is not afraid of dropping the dignity. In the first place, he generally smokes. We are told, and with truth, by Kingsley, that tobacco begets solemn and devotional thoughts; and no doubt that is why he smokes. My first introduction to the most charming Bishop I ever met, I owed to a cigar. I offered him one, after a certain dinner, not without trepidation—but, as I was going to smoke myself, I only thought it civil—and he accepted it with rapture. "This is the best hospitality," he said, "that I have enjoyed since I came to England." "But did not our Bishops give you good dinners?" I said (much distressed for the honour of the Bench), for I knew he had been on a round of visits to them. "Oh, yes; nothing could be kinder, Sir. But there was no tobacco. *Even at Lambeth,*" here his voice took that pathos, for which he was so justly admired in the pulpit, "there was no tobacco!"

A few weeks ago the air was "full of farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead;" a touch of nature seemed to have made the whole world kin; but, since then, human nature has been "restoring the average" by showing its seamy side. The atmosphere of the sick-room has been changed for that of the Law Courts with its actions for libel. There is nothing like these for bringing out, with their unwholesome heat, the worst spawn of humanity. I suppose they are necessary evils. The Greeks alone, we are told, were sufficiently philosophic to despise what anybody chose to say of them. There was no law against the provocation of either words or gesture; "they looked upon any resentment for such contumely (says Hobbes) as arising from the pusillanimity of him who was offended by it." As there was no complainant there was no defendant, and, therefore, no occupation for the gentlemen of the long robe. The Greenlanders, I read, employ no lawyers in cases of slander, but when a gentleman wishes to "say things" of a libellous character he gives his adversary notice of his intention, and "it is reckoned a want of spirit if the antagonist does not attend or give a very smart answer." An American gentleman has, however, delivered his testimony against this promptness to defend one's character. "I suppose no man alive," he says, "had been so persecuted by slanderers as I had been: for many years I bore it in contemptuous silence; at last I brought my action, and have regretted it ever since. Those libels were all shown to be justified."

Another and another controversy about smoking! How fond of fighting people must be to wage war against so general a practice! What is the use of it? Do they for a moment suppose that persons who like tobacco, and with whom it agrees, will give it up because other persons who don't like it, and with whom it disagrees, affirm they ought to do so? The egotism of such a supposition is amazing. For my part I hate walking; to my mind it is disagreeable in itself, and renders those who indulge in it morose and silent; but I should never dream of attempting to persuade people not to walk. A Canon of St. Paul's, lamenting the spread of smoking, which "accentuates the separation of the sexes"—meaning, I suppose, that poor little half-hour one snatches for a cigar after dinner—thinks that there will be nothing for it but that ladies must smoke too. That would be deplorable indeed; but if the alternative is to be the man's giving up tobacco, I can assure the reverend gentleman that to that we shall come. The peculiarity of the antieverythingarians of all sorts is, however, that they are never right about their data. Smoking does not, like drinking, separate the sexes; the most intelligent of the many ladies whom I have had the honour to know are far from hostile to tobacco. A few, no doubt—just as there are a few men similarly constituted—dislike its odour; but with the majority their repugnance to it is not really genuine. They regard the gentle Nicotine as a rival in man's affections, and hope that by abusing her they will induce him to cast her off: a little reasoning (by analogy) would teach them better. An argument, too, that should have some force with them—for this class of dame is generally addicted to the aristocracy—is the fact that the higher the rank of a lady the more leniently, not to say more favourably, does she regard the smoking of her male friends. As to the Don Quixotes who would put an end to it, they might as well recommend the extinguishing of our hearth fires—with which, indeed, it has a much closer connection than they suspect.

Another practice which it is as useless to fight against as "smoke," or a shadow, is that of giving tips to guards and porters. Nevertheless, it has found a new antagonist in one of the railway "organs." Any stick will do to beat a dog with, and this journal actually finds offence in the conduct of the tippers because they do not add to the enormity of their crime by feeding the engine-drivers and stokers. If the principle is wrong these unpaid persons should surely rejoice in their untempted virtue! Is it possible that this shrill cry of protest proceeds from the engine itself? There is a little scalding steam in it, directed against those wretches who not only tip guards, but "beguile the tedium of a journey by taking one another's money at shilling whist." It can hardly be suggested that they should take, instead of one another's

shillings, the money of passengers who are not playing whist; and yet one does not otherwise clearly see the application of this sarcasm. Tips are not given from mere lavishness, but because of some particular service rendered, or supposed to be rendered, to the donor; with some persons—though not very many, after all—it is as natural to reward civilities with a coin of the realm as with a "Thank you." Perhaps, however, even thanks may be demoralising; in that case, let us have a bye-law, by all means, that "no servant of the company is to accept of thanks under pain of instant dismissal"; it will be quite as sensible, and just as much respected as the ordinance against tips.

There is great consternation among that respectable sect the Jezreelites on account of the demise of their Queen, who had always proclaimed her own immortality. It was impossible, she said, that the bodies of the elect could ever decay, and now that she has been proved to be in error, there is great alarm among the chosen lest they should be mistaken (and taken) also. It is curious how great a hold many persons have obtained over their fellow-creatures by assuring them they should live for ever, though it is a very easy thing to say, and nobody can ever prove them wrong so long as they live. Generally speaking it is the decease of a gentleman or lady rather than his or her immortality which is looked forward to by those concerned with such excessive interest; the (implied) promise to die is equivalent to a promise to pay, and is esteemed accordingly. It is difficult to put oneself in the position of a personage like Queen Esther, either as regards herself or her friends. The case of Joanna Southcote was in some respects a similar one, only, in addition to her undertaking not to figure in the obituary, she had made a rash promise to appear (so to speak) in a preceding portion of the newspaper, and had, therefore, only a limited time at her disposal. When "the child of many prayers" did not make its appearance, the prophetess had no *raison d'être*. She was like one of those foretellers of the end of the world who place the catastrophe too early; the game was up before it had well begun. "Queen Esther" was only thirty, and might reasonably have looked forward to, at all events, a good long beginning of her immortality. Curiously enough, the "Latter House of Israel," as the Jezreelites call themselves, lost their immortal Prophet, a few years ago, by the same unlooked-for accident of death. The matter was explained by the statement that, though "very good, he was not good enough" (which seems probable), and was therefore forbidden to make one of the 144,000 persons who are predestined to be "the remnant." They are not many as compared with the population, ancient and modern, of the globe; but contrasted with the narrow limits of some theological creeds the company is numerous, and, I need not say, "select." It will be interesting to see whether, having lost both Prophet and Queen, Jezreel and Co. (Limited) will go on or not. As they are said to have £50,000 invested in "plant" (of various kinds), it is probable that some spiritual person will be found to carry on the business.

The existence of a French Archery Club, of which we have heard something lately, must have been a surprise to many of us. One would have thought the bow and arrow were too full of unpleasant associations for a Frenchman to handle; if there is one thing in our English histories which is more typical of our pre-eminence over our neighbours across the Channel than another, it is the Long Bow. There can be no question of our superiority with that weapon; but I confess I have my doubts about the excessive skill with which our use of it has been credited. Is it this exaggeration, I wonder, which has associated the "drawing the long bow" with lying? The Persians were taught "to draw the bow and speak the truth," which seems to be a contradiction in terms. To anyone who has attended a modern archery meeting the difference of its results to those recorded in "Ivanhoe" (which is a fiction) is certainly very marked. No one has ever split a willow wand at a hundred yards, to my knowledge, and far less notched one arrow with another, as at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. I always admired the honest archer in that novel, who confined himself to saying that his grandfather had drawn a good bow at the battle of Hastings, instead of performing any very striking feat himself. In these days of competition for money prizes, which, however low the motive, certainly produce the most excellent performances in every branch of athletics, there is a significant absence of the bow and arrow. If anything could really be done with them, such as one reads of in the historical novel, it certainly would be done. I can fancy no advertisement more attractive than that of "Feats with the old national weapon." If there is "money" in anything, there would certainly be money in that; and yet there are no feats, unless hitting a target the size of a barn-door can be so called. We have "the Foresters" annually at the Crystal Palace, but I am not aware that they attempt to rival Robin Hood. It has been proved incontestably that William Tell never split an apple on his son's head with an arrow, and I don't believe that the similar miracles attributed to the English archer rest upon any more solid foundation. If they do, let us see them. It was once observed to one of old, who boasted of the jumping powers he had exhibited at Rhodes, "Here is Rhodes, here is the leap"; and the same remark may be made to the English archer.

It is not generally known that the question of "appeal," which has been so much mooted of late, had at one time a more important bearing upon the interests of barristers themselves than upon those of the public. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Lords of Session in Scotland took it into their heads to deny to the Faculty of Advocates the right of appeal from their Lordships' decisions to Parliament. The advocates strenuously resisted, whereupon the Lords of Session obtained an order from the King and Council discharging all appeals, and commanding instant submission from the members of the Bar. Then the advocates withdrew in a body from the Courts, and brought the legal business of the country—such what could be carried on by solicitors—to a complete standstill. This was something like patriotism. To punish this contumacy the Lords banished the whole lot of them to "twelve miles from Edinburgh." It must have been a high time for "the lower branch of the profession." Self-denial, however, has its limits. The advocates got tired of living upon one another, with appetites increased by unlimited games at golf; and

perhaps the Lords of Session began to perceive that their occupation might possibly go, too, if the state of siege continued. Sir George Mackenzie, afterwards Lord-Advocate—to whom Edinburgh is indebted for its admirable library—proposed to plead the cause of his brethren before their oppressors, and was permitted to do so. He spoke with great warmth and eloquence, and, both sides having probably become aware on which side their bread was buttered, a compromise was effected, to the general joy of a litigious public. What "the writers to the Signet" and "the solicitors to the Supreme Court" (or whoever were their equivalents in those days) thought about it is not recorded.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

The phonograph, which has nothing to do either with the telephone or the telegraph means of instantaneous communication, is a wonderful instrument for preserving, and for repeating in any place, from a permanent acoustic record, the tones, accents, and articulate syllables uttered by the human voice, perfect discourse in its original pronunciation, as well as every kind of musical and other sounds, after conveyance of the inscribed record, by ordinary carriage, to within hearing of a future auditor. Professor Edison, of Orange, New Jersey, in the United States of America, renowned for his improvements of the electric-light apparatus and other most valuable scientific contrivances, is the inventor of the phonograph, a rudimentary form of which, exhibited in London ten years ago, then excited much public curiosity. He has, during the past twelvemonth, brought it to a degree of comparative perfection, which was practically tested here, on June 25, by experiments at the house of Colonel G. E. Gouraud, the agent in London for Mr. Edison's inventions, residing at Little Menlo, Beulah-hill, Upper Norwood; and on June 29, in the Press Gallery at the Handel Festival, in the Crystal Palace. Our Illustrations represent the scenes on these two occasions: in the first instance, a private family party at Norwood listening to the tones and words of Mr. Edison's voice, ten days after he had spoken in America, at a distance of nearly three thousand miles—the "phonogram" having been sent from New York on June 16, with the regular United States mail, by the German Lloyd's steam-ship Eider, to Southampton; in the other case, during the grand performance of Handel's music, the phonograph reporting with perfect accuracy the sublime strains, vocal and instrumental, of the "Israel in Egypt," received by a large horn projecting over the balustrade in the vast concert-room in the north transept of the Crystal Palace. The machine was worked by Mr. De Courcy Hamilton, one of Mr. Edison's assistants, who had brought it from America. The "phonograms" being sent to Mr. Edison, all the Handel choruses, as sung here by four thousand voices, with the orchestral and organ accompaniments, will be heard in New York and in other American cities. They can be repeated to a hundred different audiences for years to come.

We can only give a brief account of the essential parts of the phonograph. There is a disc of bright metal, rather larger than a shilling piece, so poised as to vibrate in correspondence with any sound that is received by the instrument. Below, and attached to this disc, is a minute point of metal, like a fine pin, which, as the diaphragm or disc vibrates, cuts an exceedingly delicate, sinuous, hair-like line into a revolving cylinder of wax. When the record is once engraved on the cylinder, we can, by reversing the movement, get back from the instrument the sounds that were put into it. In the phonograph first exhibited in this country ten years ago, which was illustrated in this journal on Aug. 3, 1878, the sound-marks were made, in a similar manner, on tin-foil; and their tone was metallic, nasal—sometimes a squeak, indeed—very often ludicrous or miserable; but Mr. Edison has now constructed a phonograph which, by substituting a composition of wax for the tin-foil, and by other important contrivances, has entirely got rid of any harshness or weakness of tone. In external appearance, Mr. Edison's wax cylinders are like ivory napkin or serviette rings, only rather larger, and about three inches long; they fit on a small iron rod, which is put in rapid motion when wanted by a little bi-chromate galvanic battery, seen in our Illustration under the table. When Mr. Edison, in the earlier period of his experiments, desired to use one of the cylinders over again for new matter, much time was wasted in passing it through the apparatus. He now arranges a minute knife upon the same arm which bears the diaphragm stylus. The knife cuts off a shaving, and the diaphragm stylus follows in its wake; both operations being accomplished at once. Wax cylinders are made thick enough to allow the indented surface to be planed off twenty times or more, so the same cylinder can be used for as many different transcriptions. Another new device perfects the method of duplicating phonograms containing matter which may be worth selling, such as books, music, sermons, speeches, or plays. When a phonogram of special interest or value is obtained, which it is desired to multiply, it is coated electrically with nickel until a thick plate is obtained. This plate, when detached from the wax and pressed against a fresh sheet of warm wax, gives an exact reproduction of the original phonogram: and such duplicates may be made so easily and rapidly as to cost scarcely anything. To obtain the first phonogram of the book or of a piece of music may require care and special skill. Once obtained, a million can be made from this one nickel mould. So far as countless experiments in the laboratory show, there is no perceptible or audible wear in the wax phonogram, no matter how frequently it is made to repeat a message.

If Colonel Gouraud wants to phonograph a despatch to New York he talks into the mouthpiece, the cylinder is turned round by the electric current, the repeating disc vibrates in harmony with the voice, and the minute point below traces on the wax surface of the cylinder its invisible curves, and that is all. The message is done; you can now take it off and post it—at the ordinary letter rate—to America. In those four inches he has a thousand words, which would be a very long letter. Probably he does not wish to send more than 250 words. If so, a corresponding length can be cut off and dispatched by post. The phonogram produced would in New York be placed on a corresponding machine, and exactly reproduced. We have a copy of the first phonogram, which was a private letter from Mr. Edison to Colonel Gouraud, consisting of about two hundred words, treating of business and family affairs. Mr. Edison's voice was recognised by every hearer in Colonel Gouraud's house, including a child seven years old. Several pieces of music, vocal solos and duets, and performances on the pianoforte, cornet, and other instruments, sung or played in America, have been repeated in England by the phonograph. A poetical ode, of four verses, dictated by the Rev. Horatio Nelson Powers, D.D., of Piermont, on the Hudson, has also been spoken, in the author's own voice, through this marvellous machine.

Many of the most important parts of the phonograph are concealed in a small metal-covered box; but, as Mr. Edison has expressed a wish for the present to keep secret the details as to some new points in the construction of the phonograph until his patents have been obtained, we therefore omit further description of its interior workings.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Limp legislators see Henley, Wimbledon, one after the other of the social landmarks of the London Season, pass by, but have up to the present time been prevented by drenching showers from seeking recreation far from Westminster. One recompense some have had: their path has been figuratively strewn with roses at the few fêtes which Court mourning did not suppress, and which were fragrant with the sweet odour of the queen of flowers, richly abundant this inclement July—out of compliment, mayhap, to Mr. Alma-Tadema's lustrous Academy painting, "The Roses of Heliogabalus."

The Marquis of Salisbury, notwithstanding the fact that noble Lords, by their grasp of every variety of subject of great Imperial and tiny local importance have continued to rival the Nasmyth hammer in graduated force, perseveres with his diminutive measure for the reform of the House of Lords by the introduction of a handful of life Peers. The Prime Minister on the Tenth of July secured the second reading of this measure, which may be summed up in one sentence: it empowers her Majesty, by the advice of the Premier, to create a maximum of five new life Peers per year, the total number not to exceed fifty. How jealously even so infinitesimal an addition as this to the House is scrutinised was shown by the more or less grave utterances of Earl Beauchamp, the Earl of Derby (who gave his approval in a wet-blanket fashion), Lord Colchester, Lord Midleton, the Earl of Dunraven, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Granville, the Earl of Feversham, and the Earl of Rosebery, who developed a fine vein of ironic banter not unworthy the favourite style of Lord Salisbury himself. The noble Earl occasioned a little mild laughter by thus neatly epitomising the Bill, whilst the Lord Chancellor beamed amiably as usual from the woolsack on which he looks so comfortable: "It is as if, when one wanted to go to America, the noble Marquis offered you a hansom cab; it would take you to Euston Station, but there would still be very many miles to go."

An incident not without its pathos opened the proceedings of the House of Lords on the previous day. The Lord Chancellor evoked fresh sympathy with the bereaved Empress Victoria of Germany by reading her Imperial Majesty's gracious reply to their Lordships' resolution of condolence. The reply was conveyed by the British Ambassador at Berlin, and its closing words deserve to be quoted:—"Her Imperial Majesty desired me to convey to their Lordships' House, through your Lordship, her gratitude for these marks of sympathy with her deep distress, and to express the hope that the memory of the Emperor Frederick, her dearly-beloved husband, may ever be preserved."

We are in for a new Zulu War. That is clear from the despatch, dated the Eighth of July, from Sir Arthur Havelock to the Secretary for the Colonies. Lord Knutsford communicated this to the House of Lords on the Ninth of July. The gist of the telegram from South Africa was that, "In consequence of the defeat of Usibepu and the withdrawal of police magistracy at Ivuna, June 23, disturbance has become serious. Natives of coast district to the north of Zulu Native Reserve, through fear of Dinizulu, have taken part in rebellion. Attack upon the Magistrates of district threatened. The British troops and native contingents gave assistance to-day. Am confident forces now in Zululand are sufficient for the restoration of good order, unless any unexpected complications arise." Lord Knutsford himself explained that Dinizulu, the son of Cetewayo, and his uncle, Undabuco, are at Kezah, with a force computed at about 4000 men; but his Lordship had every confidence in the ability of Sir Arthur Havelock and General Smyth to cope with the Zulus. Lord Knutsford summed up the policy of the Government at this juncture tersely: "My Lords, our duty is a plain one, and it is to put down Dinizulu and Usibepu, and to prevent any further raids on the British authority." A memorable past disaster in Zululand will doubtless induce the Generals engaged in the present campaign to employ amply sufficient troops to terminate the operations with swift success.

It was generally felt that by far the gravest feature of Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell's fruitless libel action against the *Times* was the reading in open court by the Attorney-General of the series of incriminatory letters purporting to have been written by Mr. Parnell before and after the terrible murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park. The publication of these seemingly sinister epistles demanded instant notice at the hands of the Irish Home Rule Leader. In anticipation of this personal explanation, hon. members filled the House on the Sixth of July, the day after the jury returned a verdict against Mr. O'Donnell. Earl Spencer was conspicuous in the Peers' Gallery; and from the gallery to the right of the Speaker, Sir George Trevelyan, naturally as keenly interested as the noble Earl in what was to come, eagerly scanned the Parnellite ranks, in the centre of which sat Mr. Parnell, apparently as cool and collected as ever. Sir Richard Webster, seated next the Solicitor-General at the gangway end of the front Ministerial bench, looked calmly on; and the Marquis of Hartington, with hat down over his eyes, bore himself in the corner seat of the front Opposition bench with a characteristic stolidity, in strong contrast to the restlessness of Mr. Gladstone, who leant forward in his seat, and fixedly regarded Mr. Parnell when he rose, with a sheaf of papers in his hands, to make his speech. Mr. Parnell spoke with habitual deliberation and clearness; and the pith of his statement was that the criminatory letters read by Sir Richard Webster were "absolute forgeries." Mr. Justin McCarthy followed, and declared that the cheque for £100, alleged by Frank Byrne to have been received from Mr. Parnell, at the time of his flight, was actually paid to Byrne by himself (Mr. Justin McCarthy) in the ordinary course of business in connection with the Home-Rule League; and Mr. McCarthy explicitly added that he had no suspicion of any sinister designs on the part of Byrne.

The member for Cork moved further in the matter on the Ninth of July. Mr. Parnell quickly followed Sir Wilfrid Lawson (he had risen, indeed, before the hon. Baronet) in requesting that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the authenticity of the allegations made against the Home-Rule chief at the recent O'Donnell trial. Mr. Smith replied that his view remained precisely the same as last year: that there existed impartial tribunals—alluding to the Law Courts—more competent than the House to try the case. Whereupon, Mr. Parnell promptly gave the First Lord of the Treasury notice of motion for a Select Committee, or for a day for discussion, in order that he might "have an opportunity of repelling the foul and untruthful charges which have been made against me by the Attorney-General."

We are to have an autumn session. Mr. Smith stated on the Tenth of July that the Local Government Bill would be pushed forward with energy. If this measure and Supply should be finished early in August, the Leader of the House thought "we might then hope to adjourn until the last week in October or the first week in November." Sanctioned by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Smith's proposition that Government business have precedence for the rest of the Session was agreed to.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

On Monday, July 9, the annual prize-meeting of the National Rifle Association opened at Wimbledon—the last, probably, which will be held on that familiar ground. There is no falling off in the number or importance of the rewards offered for good marksmanship, in the character and variety of the programme, or in the general alacrity of competition. On the contrary, the value of the prizes to be contended for at Wimbledon at the meeting amounts to over £16,500, being the largest total yet given. Excluding the challenge cups, the value is about £12,500, the Association giving nearly £10,000. Throughout the whole fortnight's proceedings, from July 9 to July 21, an ample list has been prepared of matches and contests. In spite of the changeable weather, the shooting, on the whole, was remarkably good on the first day. Only three competitions were brought to a conclusion. The Alexandra Prize was won by Colour-Sergeant Vicars, of the Queen's Westminsters, with an aggregate score of 64; Colour-Sergeant Semmence, 4th Norfolk, £20; Corporal M'Moran, 1st Highland Light Infantry, and Sergeant Palmer, 1st Warwick, £15 each. In the team match for officers of the Regulars against the Auxiliaries, the latter won by 119 points. The Inter-University match for the Humphrey Cup was won by Oxford, their total being 626 against 562 made by Cambridge.—The shooting was much above the average at Wimbledon on July 10, especially in the 200 yards for the Queen's Prize, in which many gold medallists of previous years took prominent positions. The Albert Prize of £20 was won by Private Jory, of the Guernsey Militia. In unfinished competitions two highest possible scores were made at the 200 yards range, three at 500 yards, and two at 800 yards. The men under canvas spent a very uncomfortable time on the night of July 10, there being a strong wind and a deluge of rain, followed by very low temperature. The thermometer went down to within nine degrees of the freezing point, and though the weather was fair on the 11th, it was cold and dull. A great part of the common was converted into a sort of bog, so that the competitions were carried on under considerable difficulties. The principal business was the shooting at 500 yards in the first stage of the Queen's Prize competition. Among the best scores made were the following:—Sergeant Baines, 2nd Somerset; Private High, 2nd Norfolk; Lieutenant Clark, 1st Norfolk; Private Simpson, 1st Argyle and Sutherland; and Colour-Sergeant Allan, 2nd Northumberland.

Among the recent donations to the Polytechnic Endowment Fund are the Grocers' Company, £200, and the Clothworkers' Company, £500.

Sir Thomas Francis Wade, M.A., K.C.B., Professor of Chinese, has been elected to the lately-vacant Professorial Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge.

The "Silver Fête," in the Exhibition Grounds, South Kensington, was opened on Wednesday, for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea.

The Hastings Town Council have conferred the honorary freedom of the borough on Lord Brassey, who is the first recipient of the distinction since the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill.

Mr. Charles St. Clair Bedford has resigned the post of Coroner for the City and Liberty of Westminster, which he held for the past forty-three years. Mr. John Troutbeck has been chosen in his stead.

The Duke of Devonshire has issued a circular to his tenants informing them that he will allow an abatement of 2½ per cent off their rents this year. They were allowed 30 per cent last year.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Graham retires, through ill-health, from the post of Controller of the Navy, and he will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral J. O. Hopkins, at present Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard.

The recumbent effigy of the late Bishop Moberly, erected in the Lady Chapel of Salisbury Cathedral to the memory of that prelate, was unveiled on July 9 in the presence of a large number of spectators.

The grant of life-annuities, and annuities for terms of years, which has been suspended in consequence of the recent conversion of the National Debt, will be resumed by the National Debt Commissioners at their office, Old Jewry, on and after Monday, July 16.

It is understood that the Emperor William will leave Berlin for Kiel on the evening of July 13. After remaining there for one day his Majesty will proceed by sea to St. Petersburg, reaching the Russian capital on the evening of the 18th. The Emperor will only be accompanied by a very small suite.

The King and Queen of Saxony arrived at Copenhagen on July 6. They were received at the railway station by King Christian and the members of the Royal family. They visited the Exhibition, and opened the section for German exhibits next day. There was a State dinner in their honour on Monday. They proceeded to Stockholm.

The trial of Mr. O'Donnell's action against the *Times* came to a somewhat abrupt termination on July 5. When the Attorney-General had concluded his speech the question was raised whether there was any case to go to the jury, the Lord Chief Justice intimating that he could not consider there was any case then against the defendants, the plaintiff not having gone into the box. Mr. Ruegg, however, addressed the jury on one or two points, and, Lord Coleridge having briefly summed up, a verdict for the defendants was at once returned. Judgment was entered accordingly, with a certificate for a special jury and costs.

The bronze statue of the famous Scottish patriot and warrior, Sir William Wallace, recently unveiled by the Marquis of Lorne at Aberdeen, of which we gave an illustration last week, was provided by the trustees, Mr. J. O. Macqueen and others, under the will of the late Mr. John Steill, of Edinburgh, a native of Arbroath, who died in 1871, a bachelor, aged sixty-three, leaving money for this purpose to be deferred until after the death of a friend, his faithful housekeeper, Margaret Strachan, who survived him till 1877. The statue is a fine work of art by Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, A.R.S.A., of Edinburgh, and has cost, with the pedestal, £3250. It stands near the centre of Union-street, in one of the best sites in Aberdeen.

The show of horses and cattle under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society was opened at Nottingham on Monday, July 9. The number of entries is large, and the quality is reported to be very good. Her Majesty sends seven animals in various competitions, and the Prince of Wales nineteen. The Queen and the Prince both take prizes. Mr. R. Thompson, of Penrith, has carried off, for the first time in the history of the society, the first prizes in four classes of cows and heifers. On July 10 the horses were paraded for the first time. A meeting of the council was held, at which the prizes in the farm competitions were awarded. It was announced at the general meeting of the society that the Queen has accepted the presidency of the society for next year, and that the active and necessary duties of the office will be undertaken by the Prince of Wales.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Last Saturday evening three of our most popular artists made their bow gracefully, and bade us all "Good-bye!" until Christmas comes. Mr. Henry Irving—who, *mirabile dictu*, actually got through his season with the little "Amber Heart" and the farcical "Robert Macaire"—is going to pay a round of visits and to dream about "Macbeth" and to have long conversations with scene-painters and decorators until he is ready to start on his provincial tour with "Faust," accompanied by Miss Marion-Terry, now, happily, recovered from her illness, and who is not likely to be very long out of an engagement. Miss Ellen Terry, at last released from work, is in the "seventh heaven" of delight at the thoughts of taking her daughter, Ailsa Craig, abroad to Switzerland, and Italy, and Venice, and other lovely spots, and so home by Germany to pick up her toy, who ought to be a musician, like his sister; but, like all artists' children, have both of them a hankering after the stage. The third departing swallow is Mr. J. L. Toole, who left his theatre in fits of laughter over a little joke he had arranged in his farewell speech, and left, moreover, crowded houses; for during this bitterly cold weather of an English July "The Don" has "caught on," as they say, and could well have run on all the summer. But Mr. Toole had other fish to fry. He has never acted in Guernsey or Jersey, so away to the Channel Islands he has gone this week, resting for a few hours at Weymouth whilst the vessel was getting up steam. After a five-weeks' holiday, spent, as usual, abroad, and some of it devoted to the water-cure at Aix-les-Bains, the merry comedian will be off on his usual popular provincial tour. This being the case, we have to depend mainly for our entertainment and amusement on our foreign guests. The engagement of the Daly company is drawing to a close at the Gaiety, and before they go home they will play at Stratford-on-Avon, Glasgow, several other provincial centres, and in Paris, where Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" will astonish the boulevardians. Before leaving London, Mr. Daly has promised the revival of a few of his most popular farces, and amongst them there will be found, no doubt, "A Night Off" and "Nancy."

Sara Bernhardt has arrived in London, and appeared in "La Tosca" with the result everyone anticipated. People seem to admire the actress more than ever, but do not profess to be particularly enamoured with Sardou's play. It is at best but a tawdry and commonplace melodrama, arranged with little skill, and written with no effect. Still, the actress, who has gained enormously in physical power, is able to get the whole audience into her grip during the scene of Mario's torture and the grim position of Scarpia's base proposal. Her cries in the torture-scene are heartrending, and she works up the spectator to a state of frenzy; in fact, on the first night one of our most popular actresses fainted dead away in her private box when the curtain fell. In the murder of Scarpia this great actress showed stronger and more effective tragic power than has ever been observed before, and a pin might have been heard to drop from the moment that she plunges the carving-knife into the wretch's heart to that silent awful second when the woman who has prepared her victim for burial steals horror-stricken from the accursed room. There are certainly very violent instances of bad taste in this play, and scenes calculated roughly to shock religious susceptibilities. It is not quite fair to say that the Cathedral scenes are no worse than those presented on the same Lyceum stage in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Faust." They are not the same because there is a church in both. There is nothing gross or material in the Benedick and Beatrice scenes in Shakespeare's play, and there is no possible comparison between Margaret's prayer to the Virgin when she is overburdened with sorrow and the pictures of the Tosca's hypocritical devotion in the new play. Unless superbly done, the final moments of Scarpia's death-scene would provoke ridicule in this country. But whatever may be thought of the play, Sara Bernhardt is sure to be a great success. It is a pity, however, that so sombre a drama has no relief; the comedy-scenes are wholly unworthy of so fine a dramatist as Sardou.

One of the very best of the modern comedies of complication is an ingenious and well-written play called "The Paper-Chase," now being acted at Toole's Theatre by a clever little company collected by Mr. Lionel Brough. Mr. Charles Thomas is evidently an adept at construction. He is your true dramatic puzzle-maker, and he is able to tell a capital story in a lively manner and without offence. The plot is as innocent as it is wholesome, and there is no need for Mr. Charles Wyndham or Mr. Charles Hawtrey to subsidise French or German dramatists when there is one at hand who can build skilfully and adorn with taste. Mr. Lionel Brough's performance of old Busby, the incarnation of logical obtuseness and of intelligible inconsequence, is one of the best things of the kind that have been seen in modern plays. The part is acted with really remarkable artistic skill, and Mr. Brough, the comedian, never for one instant obtrudes above the idiotic old Busby. Every movement and gesture have been the result of careful study, and it is not too much to say that the audience roars with laughter whenever the actor opens his mouth. Mr. Brough has so often been called over the coals for extravagance that it is all the more gratifying to congratulate him on so genuinely comic and artistic a performance as this. Miss Kate Phillips is the only possible successor to Mrs. Bancroft on the modern stage. Her excellent comedy powers, her sparkle of expression, and her lightness of touch are exhibited to great advantage in this play, and her pretty dresses fit her like a glove. All the acting, however, is good, and the play is helped to its success by excellent endeavours on the part of Mr. E. W. Garden, Mr. E. D. Ward, Mr. R. Soutar—who is very welcome on his return to the stage—Miss Helen Leyton, a clever and earnest actress, and Miss Margaret Brough, a pretty and intelligent young girl.

July 14 being fixed for the annual holiday of the Arsenal employés, the Hospital Saturday collection in Woolwich was made on Saturday, July 7. The amount collected was £207, being £60 in excess of any former collection.

Strawberry-hill Estate, at Twickenham, the residence of Horace Walpole, and subsequently of the late Countess Waldegrave, was offered for sale at the Auction Mart on July 10 by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The mansion and grounds extend to about fifty acres. Although the auctioneer asked for an offer of £70,000 as the minimum value of the property, the only bid was £15,000, and the property was withdrawn.

The programme for the Official Inspection of the Fleet by the Lords of the Admiralty has now been completed. On Friday, July 13, they inspect the Fleet at Spithead, which measures three miles in length, and return to harbour in the evening. Their Lordships sleep on board. On Saturday morning they proceed to Portland to inspect the B Squadron, and will remain there until Monday, when the A and B Squadrons will combine and manoeuvre in presence of their Lordships. On Monday evening the Fleet will proceed down Channel to Plymouth, where they will remain a few days. From the time of leaving Portland the Fleet will be away eight weeks.



THE RIGHT REV. R. C. BILLING, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

THE NEW BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

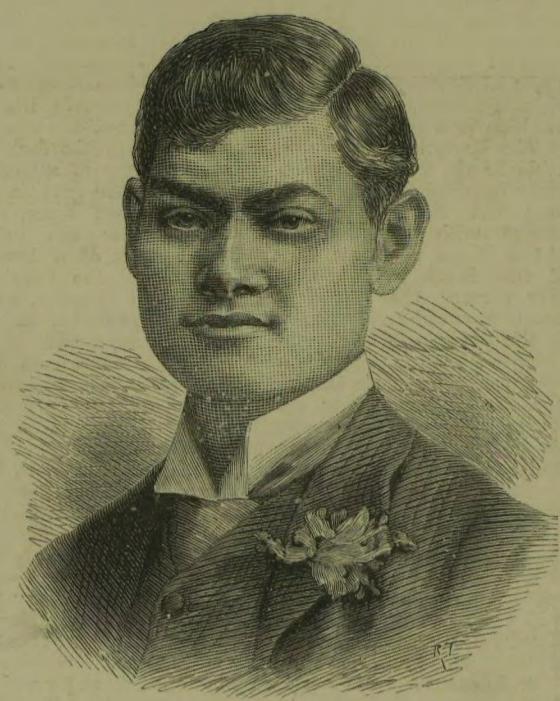
The Rev. R. C. Billing, Rector of Spitalfields and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, was recently appointed Bishop Suffragan of Bedford. Robert Claudius Billing was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1857. In the same year he was ordained deacon, and, in the year following, priest, by the Bishop of Rochester. He held the curacy of St. Peter, Colchester, from the date of his ordination till 1860, and then for one year that of Compton Bishop, in Somersetshire. In 1861 he was appointed one of the secretaries of the Church Missionary Society in the diocese of York. After two years he became Vicar of Holy Trinity, Louth, where he stayed ten years, till his appointment to a London living as Vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington. Here he was Vicar five years, until 1878, when he was transferred to the rectory of Spitalfields, where he has been well known for his earnest work among the poor. Mr. Billing has been Chaplain of the London Lay Helpers' Association since 1885, Commissioner under the Pluralities Act for the Archdeaconry of London since 1886, and Prebendary (of Holborn) in the see of London since the same date. It should be a cause of satisfaction to the London clergy that one of their own number, who has worked long and successfully in the East-End of London, has been appointed to succeed the Bishop of Wakefield.

SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B.

This gentleman, on whom her Majesty has conferred the honour of Knighthood, is second son of the late Edward Blount, Esq., of Bellamore, Staffordshire, M.P. for Steyning. He is uncle to the head of the family, Sir Walter De Sodington Blount, Bart., of Mawley Hall, Shropshire. Mr. Edward Blount began life in the Home Secretary's office in 1827, during the Ministry of Mr. Canning. He soon afterwards left England for Rome, and removed to Paris in 1831, from which time he has principally resided in that city, and was engaged there as a banker till 1870. During many years past Mr. Edward Blount's name has been associated with the most considerable public works in France. He was among the chief founders of the Paris and Rouen Railway, one of the first lines opened in France, in 1843, and of the Havre, Dieppe, Cherbourg, and Brest lines, now amalgamated with the Western Railway of France, of which Sir Edward Blount is chairman. He is also deputy chairman of the Paris, Lyons, Mediterranean Railway Company, and is connected with railways in Austria, Spain, Italy and Portugal. He is chairman of the Paris Compagnie Générale des Eaux, which is executing works all over Europe. Mr. Edward Blount was created a Companion of the Bath in 1871, for the services he rendered to the British Government and British residents during the siege of Paris, when he held temporarily the post of British Consul. He is now



SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B.,
DIRECTOR OF FRENCH RAILWAYS.



MR. CHAN-TOON,
A DISTINGUISHED BURMESE LAW STUDENT OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

A BURMESE LAW STUDENT.

Among the students of the Middle Temple called to the Bar last term was Mr. Chan-Toon, a native of Burmah. During his studentship, Mr. Chan-Toon competed for the eight principal prizes open to law students and gained them all. The Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple have passed a resolution to offer their best congratulations to Mr. Chan-Toon on his most distinguished career as a student of the Inn, recognising the great honour Mr. Chan-Toon has, by his success, gained for the Society. To no other student of the Inn has a similar compliment ever been paid. We are informed that Mr. Chan-Toon is the third son of Mr. Re Kyaw Thoo, and was born at Akyab, British Burmah, Feb. 23, 1867. At the age of eight he was sent to Calcutta to enter the Doveton College, where he was principally educated. There he distinguished himself by winning the best prizes. At the age of fifteen he matriculated at the Calcutta University. He left India for England early in 1883, with a view to enter the Indian Civil Service. For this purpose he entered University College, London, and latterly became a pupil of Messrs. Wren and Gurney. But the method and subjects of study of the Indian Civil Service were not suited to him; and he chose to pursue the study of the law. He entered the Middle Temple at Michaelmas Term, 1885. His taste for law soon showed itself, and within two years he has won the following prizes: the Inns of Court Studentship in Roman Law and Jurisprudence, Hilary, 1888; £50 Roman Law, International and Constitutional Law, Council of Legal Education Prize, Hilary, 1888; first class Common Law Middle Temple Scholar, Hilary, 1888; first class International and Constitutional Law Scholar, Hilary, 1887; second class Common Law Scholar, Trinity, 1887; second class International and Constitutional Law Scholar, Trinity, 1886; £15 Roman Law Jurisprudence, Council of Legal Education Prize, Hilary, 1887. Mr. Chan-Toon was called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1888. We hope that he will have a successful professional career, and that others of the Burmese race, who are now our fellow-subjects of the British Empire, will emulate his bright example.

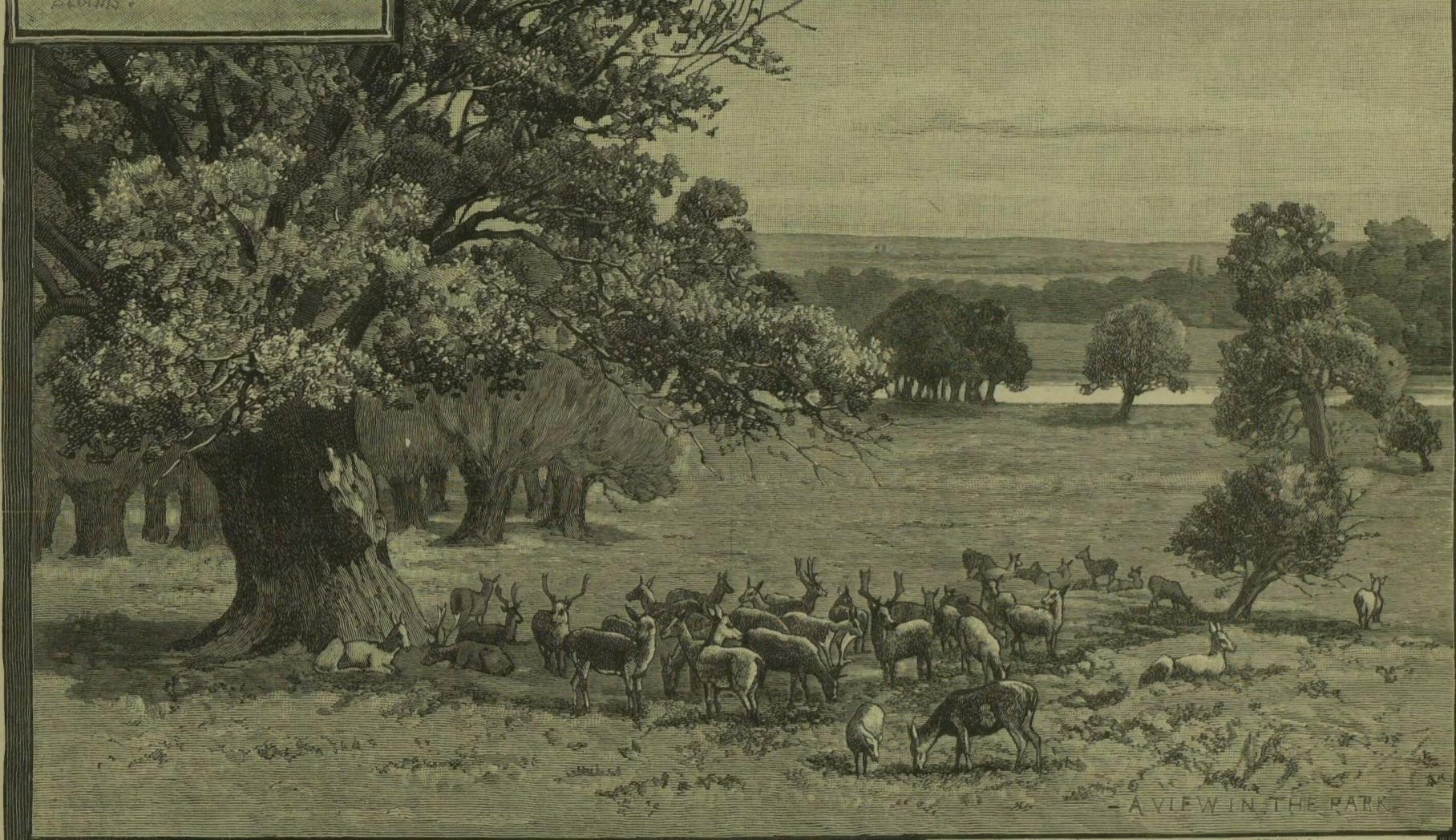
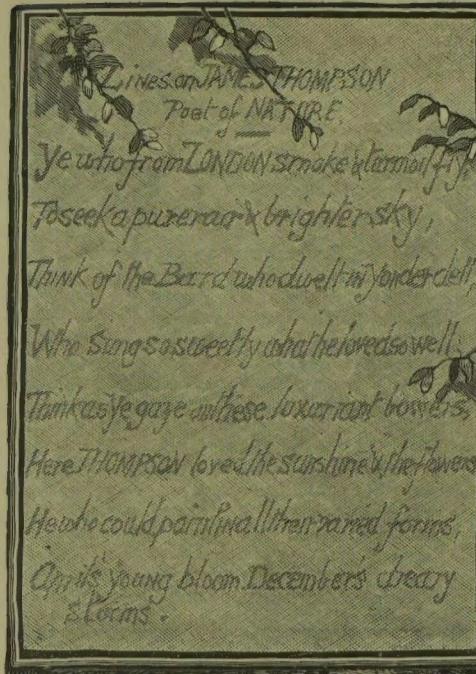
Notwithstanding the unpromising weather, twenty-two coaches assembled at the Magazine, Hyde Park, on July 7, at the second meet for the season of the Coaching Club.

Henley Regatta was concluded on July 6. The Grand Challenge Cup was won by the Thames R.C.; the Ladies' Challenge Plate by the Lady Margaret B.C.; the Stewards' Challenge Cup by Trinity Hall B.C.; the Silver Goblets by Buck and Symonds; the Thames Challenge Cup by the Lady Margaret B.C.; the Wyfold Challenge Cup by the Thames R.C.; the Diamond Challenge Sculls, by Nickalls, of Magdalen College B.C.; and the Visitors' Challenge Cup by Brasenose College B.C.



MODEL OF A GROUP BY C. B. LAWES, AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

"They bound me on, that menial throng, | They loosed him with a sudden lash,
Upon his back with many a thong; | Away! away! and on we dash!"



OBITUARY.

LORD WOLVERTON.

The Right Hon. Henry Richard Glyn, third Baron Wolverton, of Wolverton, in the county of Buckingham, died at Warren House, Coombe, on July 2. He was born July 18, 1861, the elder son of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Henry Carr Glyn, C.B., C.S.I., by Rose, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Denis Mahon, of Dromore Castle, in the county of Kerry. He succeeded to the peerage at the death of his uncle, George Grenfell, second Lord Wolverton, so lately as Nov. 6 last. The family of Glyn is one of the chief banking houses of the City of London. Lord Wolverton having died unmarried, the title devolves on his brother Frederick, now fourth Lord Wolverton, born in 1864.

THE HON. F. J. TOLLEMACHE.

The Hon. Frederick James Tollemache, formerly M.P. for Grantham, died at his residence, Ham House, Petersham, Surrey, on July 2, aged eighty-four. He was the fifth son of William, Lord Huntingtower, son of Louisa, Countess of Dysart, and was brother of Lionel, seventh Earl of Dysart. He was educated at Harrow, and represented Grantham in Parliament, as a Conservative, from 1826 to 1831, 1837 to 1852, 1857 to 1865, and, as a Liberal, from 1868 to 1874. He married, first, Aug. 26, 1831, Sarah Maria, daughter of Mr. Robert Bomford, of Rahinstown, in Meath; and secondly, Sept. 4, 1847, Isabella Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. George Gordon Forbes; and leaves issue, by his second wife, an only child, Ada Maria Katherine, wife of Lord Sudeley.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir William Wellington Cairns, K.C.M.G., half-brother to the late Earl Cairns, on July 7, in his sixty-first year.

The Rev. George Edward Prescott, M.A., for forty-nine years Rector of Digsowell, Herts, on June 25, aged eighty-three.

Mr. James Pankhurst, H.B.M.'s Vice-Consul at Lausanne, on June 22, aged forty-two.

Major Alexander Carre Boswell, late Bengal Army, at Ramsgate, on June 7, aged seventy-five.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Henry Wildes, 3rd Battalion Cheshire Regiment, on June 18, aged forty-three.

Mr. James Tabor, of Rochford Hall, Essex, J.P. and D.L., on June 26, aged eighty-nine.

The Rev. Charles Hodgson Harbord, B.A., R.N., Chaplain of her Majesty's Dockyard at Bermuda, aged forty-nine.

Mr. Charles Steer, late Judge of the High Court, Calcutta, at Sutton Manor House, on July 1, aged seventy-seven.

Dr. Henry J. Domville, C.B., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, suddenly, at Paignton, on July 8.

Rev. Alan Marmaduke Alington, M.A., for twenty-four years Rector of Benniworth, Lincolnshire, at Outram-terrace, Stoke, Devonport, on June 22, aged fifty-two.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Schuler Leacock, Bombay Infantry, at Baroda, India, on May 23. He served with distinction throughout the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-68.

Captain Robert Augustus Rutherford, 1st Madras Pioneers, son of Major-General Augustus William Rutherford, Madras Staff Corps, of Waltair, Sydenham, on June 1, at Madras.

Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., at his residence at Clapham, on June 22, aged eighty-four. Mr. Anderson married, in 1871, Minnie, daughter of Mr. George Upward, of Blackheath.

The Rev. Willoughby William Townley Balfour, late Rector of Aston Flamville-cum-Burbage, Leicestershire, at Fairhill, Rostrevor, in the county of Down, on June 29, aged eighty-six.

Mr. John Charles Marriott Forbes, at Calcutta, on May 27, aged forty-six. He was the fifth son of the Hon. Robert Forbes, son of the seventeenth Lord Forbes.

Sir John Hardy, Bart., elder brother of Viscount Cranbrook, the Lord President of the Council, on July 9, in the eightieth year of his age, from the effects of a carriage accident. His memoir will be given in our next Issue.

Mr. George West, C.B., late H.B.M.'s Consul at Suez, on June 23. He was born in 1817. Mr. West married, in 1848, Emily, daughter of Mr. John Haines and widow of Mr. William S. Leese.

Colonel Edward Christopher Codrington, late Bengal Staff Corps, at Exmouth, on July 1, aged fifty. He served in the Indian Mutiny, for which he received four medals, with clasps, for his gallantry.

The Rev. David Bruce, M.A., Hon. Canon of Durham Cathedral, some time Vicar of Ferry Hill and Merrington, Durham, at 82, Lexham-gardens, Kensington, W., on June 24, aged seventy-eight.

The Ven. W. J. Phillipps, Archdeacon of Cornwall, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Exeter, on July 10, at his Vicarage, St. Gluviais, near Truro, aged eighty-two. He was the son of the celebrated Bishop of Exeter.

The Ven. Henry Sanders, M.A., Archdeacon of Exeter, Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of Exeter Cathedral, and Rector of Sowton since 1847, at Oxford, on June 24, aged eighty-two.

Lieutenant Robert Bruges Briscoe, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, killed in the recent engagement in Zululand. He served in the Soudan Expedition of 1884-85, and was present in the engagements at Abu Klea and El Gabat (mentioned in despatches, medal with two clasps, and Khedive's star).

The Hon. Mrs. Hare (Mary Christina), widow of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Richard Hare, brother of William, second Earl of Listowel, K.P., and fourth daughter of Vice-Admiral W. Windham, of Felbrigge Hall, Norfolk, at St. Michael's Lodge, Stoke Damerel, on June 22, aged seventy-six.

The Rev. Lionel Dawson-Damer, M.A., Hon. Canon of Salisbury, and for fifteen years Vicar of Canford, Dorset, at Parkstone, on July 3, aged fifty-five. He was the eldest surviving son of the Hon. William Mackenzie Dawson-Damer, and grandson of John, first Earl of Portarlington.

Augusta, Baroness Alington, on July 3, at Alington House, South Audley-street, aged fifty-six. Her Ladyship was the eldest daughter of Field-Marshal the Earl of Lucan, G.C.B., by Lady Anne Brudenell, his wife, seventh daughter of Robert, sixth Earl of Cardigan, and married, Sept. 10, 1853, Henry Gerard, present Lord Alington, by whom she leaves, with five daughters, an only son, Humphrey Napier, who married, in 1883, the Lady Feodorowna Yorke, elder daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke.

The Hon. and Rev. William Whitworth Chetwynd Talbot, Rector of Bishop's Hatfield, Herts, on July 3. He was born

Jan. 17, 1814, the sixth son of Charles, second Earl of Shrewsbury. He married, July 4, 1843, Eleonora Julia, eldest daughter of the Hon. William James Coventry, fourth son of George, seventh Earl of Coventry, and leaves two sons.

Major-General Joseph Shekleton, late Royal Artillery, at 30, St. John's-park, Ryde, suddenly, on July 4. He served in the Punjab Campaign of 1848-49, including the siege and capture of Mooltan and Battle of Goojerat (medal with two clasps), in the Persian Expedition of 1857 (medal with clasp), and with the Rajpootana Field-Force in 1858 (medal).

Mrs. Lloyd, of Bronwydd, in Cardiganshire, and Kilrhue, in Pembrokeshire, in the ninety-fourth year of her age. She was the only daughter and heiress of Mr. John Thomas, of Llwycoed and Lettymawr, in Carmarthenshire. She married, in 1819, Mr. Thomas Lloyd, of Bronwydd, in Cardiganshire, and had five sons, the eldest of whom, Sir Thomas Lloyd, was father of the present Baronet.

Admiral George Goldsmith, C.B., R.N., on July 2, aged eighty-two. He served in the China War of 1841-42, commanded the Wellesley 1848-51 on North America and West India stations, and served as Captain of the Sidon in the Black Sea during the Russian War, including the capture of Fort Kinburn. He received, in recompence, two medals with clasps, the Turkish medal, and the fourth class of the Medjidieh. He married, in 1856, the daughter of Mr. Richard Rawes.

Admiral Hargood, at Worthing, aged eighty-seven. He entered the Navy as a first-class volunteer in June, 1813, on the flag-ship of his uncle, Sir William Hargood, on the Jersey and Guernsey station. In 1822 he was created a Lieutenant; in 1828, Commander; in 1834, Captain; and was made Rear-Admiral in 1857. He attained to the rank of full Admiral in 1867. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Sussex.

General Sir Charles Trollope, K.C.B., at his residence, 19A, Grosvenor-square, on July 5, in his eightieth year. The deceased officer entered the Army in 1825, became Colonel of the 1st Battalion of the King's (Shropshire L.I.) in 1868, and General in 1877, retiring in the succeeding year. He commanded the troops in Cephalonia from 1848 to 1850, and served as Brigadier-General in the Crimean War, receiving the medal with clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the Legion of Honour, and the third class of the Medjidieh.

General John Hamilton Elphinstone - Dalrymple, C.B., Colonel 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, at 7, Beaufort-gardens, on June 23. He was the eighth son of Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, first Baronet, of Horn and Logie, Elphinstone, in the county of Aberdeen. He married, April 23, 1851, Georgina Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. William Brystocke, M.P., of Bircombe Court, Somersetshire, and widow of Mr. Francis Garden Campbell, of Troup and Glenlyon, which lady died, April 15, 1887, without issue.

The Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, for thirty years Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, at his residence in New Cavendish-street, on June 29. He was the fifth son of Thomas Henry, first Lord Ravensworth, and was born in 1808. He was one of the pioneers of the High Church movement. He married, Jan. 26, 1836, Emily Anne Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, niece of the Duke of Wellington. By that lady, who died in October, 1876, he leaves three sons.

Major Charles Edmund Thornton, of Kirkland Hall and Beaumont Cote, in the county of Lancaster, late 7th Fusiliers, at Whittington, near Hove, Sussex, on June 23, aged sixty-three. He married, firstly, in 1862, Eliza Amanda, eldest surviving daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Williams, 56th Bengal Native Infantry, and widow of Mr. William Campbell Deane Campbell, of Corraught House, Ayrshire, which lady died in 1872; and secondly, in 1873, Marion, only surviving daughter of Mr. William Pole, of Cheltenham, and leaves three sons.

RICHMOND PARK.

The proposal to hold the future annual meetings of the National Rifle Association, removed henceforth from Wimbledon-common, in the beautiful Royal Park of Richmond, has recently been discussed with a lively difference of opinions. The residents in that town and neighbourhood, among whom is Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P., the munificent donor of a valuable public recreation-ground on the banks of the Thames below Richmond-hill, have signified their strong opposition by a public meeting and a deputation to the Chief Commissioner of Works. Mr. Vernon Heath, the well-known landscape photographer, Mr. Thornycroft, Mrs. Maxwell, and others who feel an interest in preserving the tranquil charms of the sylvan scenery, have individually protested against this scheme, which we certainly do not support. On the south, the north, and the east sides of London, within about the same distance, several open spaces could be found—especially in the Essex and Kentish marshes, and on the Surrey Downs—more suitable for the purpose without spoiling a picturesque locality, and without interrupting the enjoyment of a favourite resort for seekers of rural quiet and wholesome fresh air. Our Artist's Rambling Sketches will serve opportunely to suggest pleasing reminiscences of the haunts and "nursery" of the noble herd of deer, the delightful walks over "some of the most perfect turf in England," and the fine old oak-trees, many of which are now threatened with destruction. The preservation of Richmond Park from disfigurement, from noise and bustle during a whole fortnight in summer every year, from hideous shooting-butts, a large encampment of tents, the mob of vulgar camp-followers, the wearisome popping of rifle-shots, and the danger of stray bullets, is of much importance to Londoners, though it may be of less concern to three or four noblemen, patrons of the Association, who are the happy owners of fine private parks in several English counties. Richmond Park, moreover, is classic ground, consecrated by memories of poetry and literary history which should not be so wantonly disturbed.

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ANNIVERSARIES.

It is always an anniversary. The world has been in existence so long that no day passes over our heads which does not record the completion of a year on some event more or less important to somebody, somewhere. Now it is a mighty nation celebrating its independence, the jubilee of a reign, or mourning over a deceased Monarch; now it is a humble and obscure individual rejoicing or lamenting over memories to which the exact round of life gives a significant vividness. Between these two high and low extremes every class of humanity is hourly touched almost, by those recollections of the past which are brought conspicuously to the mind by the precise lapse of twelve months. Everywhere, each succeeding twenty-four hours adds another notch to the scores of notches in the yearly calendar, date for date. And so we go on annually, month for month, week for week, day for day, all and every one of them bringing a well-defined span of time back, as it were, to its starting-point, to be again renewed and carried on until yet another year is completed.

It is, however, only on the quite young or the very old that these recurrent dates make much impression. By the young, they are looked forward to eagerly; by the old, sadly, retrospectively, and regretfully. When we have not had time to add up many, or to get tired over the arithmetical calculation, it is a joy to make the sum larger and larger unit by unit; and there is no more delightful opportunity for doing this, no occasion more fraught with pleasure for increasing the total than a birthday. This is the anniversary by far the most important of all to the juvenile community. To lad and lass a birthday is unclouded by that shadow which creeps over it in later life—the dread of growing old. There is no sorrowing for that other year gone, which is bringing the end closer and closer; on the contrary, we cannot believe in an end, or if we do, it does not affect us: we cannot realise it and never think of it. The peep we get of the prospect of life lying before us looks simply interminable, inexhaustible—a path of roses that must, like the brook, go on for ever. With a vista like this opening to our view, there is little wonder that the birthdays of the young, with all they include, are conspicuous and paramount among anniversaries. After our own natal day has been celebrated, the next in importance is that of a brother, sister, parent, or friend, each carrying with it its due observance and relative amount of pleasure, presents, and fun.

Ranking only second to birthdays in favour comes Christmas, and there are a thousand good reasons for this being a very notable anniversary during our days of adolescence. It is holiday time, feasting time, pantomime time, and a time for high jinks generally.

Very much the same may be said of every season and date, as they spin round one after another, if they are signalised by a cessation of study or labour—such as Easter, midsummer, and the like. But after a while, when we begin to get rather startled by the rapidity with which we find all anniversaries turning up, and are made a little bit uneasy by the recollection that we are growing older and older, the repetition of the dates becomes slightly tiresome. We cease to look forward to them with pleasurable sensations, and we thus, step by step, disregard them more and more until we almost forget them, or try to do so; and certainly resent any reminder as unnecessary and obtrusive. Whether it be the anniversary of a birthday, a wedding-day, or what not, we would prefer that it should be allowed to pass by unnoticed. With our coming of age, or soon after, we think the celebration of our birthday should cease; and if any particular regard is to be paid to the nuptial day, well, when the first half dozen are over, let us defer further fuss about it until the twenty-fifth is reached—that silvery period which too frequently with bitter irony asserts its character in our Hyperion locks, and, by way of giving an emphasis to it, calls itself a quarter of a century.

Again, what applies to these occasions does so equally to Christmas and the rest, until the years are allowed to fly by with all their dates and seasons undistinguished, unmarked.

Only, at length, when the journey is drawing towards its close, and the road narrows, and the prospect dims on our sight, do we again take up any interest in particular dates in the calendar. And what a different sort of interest it is then! How changed are all our sensations when the fifties associate themselves with births, marriages, deaths, Christmases, or notable periods and events of any description, private or public! Then, truly, we may say with Goethe—

The near afar off seems; the distant, nigh;
The now a dream, the past reality.

For the oldsters record not the flight of time year by year, but jump back at a bound, by twenties and thirties, and forties; and the intervals being thus omitted, the forty looks as short a way behind us as the twenty. The oblivion shrouding the central epoch of life's journey, that period when we disdained to note or honour anniversaries, acts like a valley-mist, above and beyond which all that is prominently visible are those mountain-tops or conspicuous landmarks, which we regarded with so lively an interest when standing in their midst. The impression they then made on the youthful mind is in a sort indelible; the then pliant wax received it willingly, and being cut deep and sharp, it has become, under the hardening influence of time, wellnigh indelible. In casting back to it, therefore, it starts into existence again with all the strong reality of yore. Thousands of our fellow countrymen, to whit, look back at the Queen's accession to the throne as an event of yesterday, and fail entirely to realise that half a century and more has passed away since 1837. It seems incredible. Equally so to a somewhat younger generation does the fact that twenty-five years have vanished since the Prince and Princess of Wales were wed.

Thus it is with public affairs, and you will find scarcely any difference with your own. You can remember vividly certain notable anniversaries in your family long ago—sad, alas! no less than joyous; and some half-dozen or more happy birthdays, with their many trifling details, and especially your twenty-first. Then soon after comes the misty gap, and lo! it is as if the intervening span of years had never been; unless, that is, from out that uncertain haze some day of bitter trial that befalls rises forth, clear and distinct as the years roll by, bringing with it a memory of pain never to be allayed, and that only eternity can obliterate. But this is an exception, let us hope, to the rule which guides memory's action; and as, mercifully, few sorrows fix themselves in our minds so firmly as do our joys, it is, after all, the brighter, happier, red-letter days which are the most readily recalled. Still, this retrospective process, this renewal of our interest in happy anniversaries, is quite sufficiently tinged with melancholy to make our observance of them in the very different business now to that which it used to be! Since, however, recollections, reminiscences, autobiographical memoirs of the past, and the like, have lately formed the popular reading of the day, and as there have been a good many celebrations of anniversaries going forward, it is to be supposed they claim the willing attention of the middle-aged no less than of the young and old, affording, on the whole, infinite pleasure to all.

W. W. F.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Royal family went to Frogmore on Sunday morning, July 8, and attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Canon Duckworth, officiated, and the latter preached the sermon. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle. Lady Frances Baillie and the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Duc d'Aumale visited her Majesty on July 9, and remained to luncheon. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. Lady Frances Baillie had the honour of being invited. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to London. Princess Frederica, Baroness Von Pawel Rammingen, arrived at the castle. Lady Frances Baillie left. The Queen, on July 10, conferred the honour of knighthood upon the following gentlemen:—Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. John Stainer, Mus. Doc.; John James Harwood, Mayor of Manchester; John Hassard, Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury; George Barclay Bruce, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and George David Harris, of the Bahamas, formerly member of the Executive Council. According to the latest arrangements, the Queen and Court are expected to leave Windsor Castle on July 17 for Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left Marlborough House on July 4 for Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses were accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and travelled by a Great Eastern train from St. Pancras at 2.35 to Wolverton, en route for Sandringham. On Sunday, July 8, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Sandringham Park. The Rev. F. Harvey, Rector of Sandringham, and domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated and preached. Their Royal Highnesses will return to town on Monday, July 16, to attend the opening of the Great Northern Hospital on the day following.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Mr. H. F. Cavendish, R.M., eldest son of the late Colonel W. H. and Lady Emily Cavendish, to Lady Harriet Godolphin Osborne, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, was solemnised on July 10 at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, before a large and fashionable congregation. The bridegroom, accompanied by the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, R.N., as best man, arrived early; and shortly afterwards came the following ten bridesmaids—the Ladies Alice, Ada, Alexandra, and Constance Godolphin Osborne, sisters of the bride; the Misses Edith and Alice Foljambe, nieces of the bridegroom; the Ladies Eleanor and Anne Lambton, Lady Victoria Leveson-Gower, and Miss Blanche Egerton. They wore dresses of cream French crêpe trimmed with white moiré ribbon and broad sashes, and hats of Panama straw trimmed with white crêpe lisse, ribbons and feathers to match. Each wore a brooch—a serpent (the Cavendish crest) in brilliants—the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a bouquet of mixed roses. The bride entered the church at half-past two o'clock, leaning on her father's arm; and, the service being choral, a nuptial hymn was sung as the bridal procession passed to the chancel. The bride's dress was of white peau-de-soie, draped with Honiton lace, caught up with clusters of orange-blossoms and myrtle; she wore a spray of the same flowers in her hair, and a tulle veil. Her ornaments included a diamond star (the gift of the Duke of Leeds) and a diamond brooch (the bridegroom's gift). The Archbishop of York officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. Page Roberts, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. William Shaw, Rector of West Stoke, Chichester; the Duke of Leeds giving his daughter away. Among the numerous wedding presents were a silver-gilt box and a tourmaline and diamond bracelet, from the Prince and Princess of Wales.

A portrait of the late Sir Charles Macgregor was unveiled at Simla on July 2 by the Commander-in-Chief.

The Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt have appointed Mr. G. W. Hervey, of the Treasury, to be Assistant Comptroller, in the place of Mr. J. F. Daly, resigned.

Before returning to America Mr. Sidney Woollett recited "Enoch Arden" on July 11, at Stanley Hall, Holloway, in aid of the St. Joseph's Church Building Fund. He was assisted by Mr. Ludwig, who sang selections from Gounod and others. Mr. Woollett will give at the same hall "Hiawatha" for the same purpose on July 18, when he will again be assisted by Mr. Ludwig, who will sing selections from Sullivan and others.

At a meeting on July 6 of the Mansion House Committee formed to promote the success of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show in Windsor Great Park next year, a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby was read stating that the Queen would contribute £105 to the fund, and the Prince of Wales £50. Many other subscriptions were announced: Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons contributing £250, Lord Revelstoke £100, Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson £100, Lord Hillingdon £100, Mr. F. Shoolbred £105, Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey £105, and Mr. Walter Gilbey £105.

The Australian cricketers have been defeated by Leicestershire, the county team winning by twenty runs. The match at Brighton between Sussex and Kent ended in the victory of the visitors by five wickets. At Manchester, Lancashire obtained an easy victory over Middlesex by an innings and twenty-one runs. At Trent-bridge the match between Notts and Yorkshire ended in a draw. On July 10, at Lord's Cricket-ground the Gentlemen, after a very sensational and exciting finish, beat the Players by five runs. At Derby the Derbyshire team were put out in the second innings of their match with the Australians for 57, leaving the Colonists victorious by an innings and 79 runs.

Australia is suffering from a plague of mice. It is said that from Coomebarban to Coolah there is hardly a residence that is not troubled in this way. The mice come in droves, and eat everything in the place. On one station 2s. per 100 was offered for their destruction, and during a single night 2000 were killed. The price then went down to 1s. In one hotel in three nights 1000 mice were killed with a mixture of flour and strychnine. At another place the mice ate the whole carcass of a freshly-killed sheep in one night, leaving only the bare bones by the morning. At another station a man was kept whose sole duty was to keep the mice away from the provender during the time the horses were eating it, and this the man found a difficult task. The week before the races at Coolah, the vermin got into the horse-boxes at the station, and actually ate the bandages from the legs of the race-horses. Sleeping people are said to have been attacked by them. The crops were being destroyed. The mice climbed up the stalks, and ate the cobs. Many fields, acres in extent, had been abandoned, the corn being eaten completely away. People were at their wits' end to devise the best means for destroying the pest. The mice burrowed in the fields, like rabbits, in miniature warrens.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

DELLA.—We are much obliged for the game, which shall be examined. We would be very pleased to receive the one you speak of with the late Herr Falkboer.

ELAND.—You do not appear to have profited by the possession.

J J J (Kingston).—Thanks for calling our attention to your new venture, which we wish all success.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LORRAINE.—Your name was inadvertently omitted, an error which we correct below.

T CHOWN.—We were not aware that our correspondents intrusted you with their confidence, and they have certainly given us no hint of making you their mouth-piece.

H COOPER (Harleybury).—Received, and shall be reported upon.

W T SMITH.—If in 234 Black play Kt takes R in reply to your move, where do you mate? No. 2307 cannot be solved in either of your ways.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2305 received from D A; of No. 2305 from D A, and J G Hankin; of No. 2306 from Lieut.-Colonel Loraine, D A, and W W; of No. 2307 from C E P, John Hodgson, D A, W Shaw (Sheffield), Alpha, W W, G J Yeale, and R S Gala.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2308 received from Eland, R S Gala, G J Yeale, Jupiter Junior, Janet M Kelly, C E P, Samuel Parry, F O Simpson, H Lucas, E Casella (Paris), Ruby Brook, E B H, R F N Banks, D McCoy, Carlisle W Wood, J G Hankin, A J Durrell (Wokingham), Dr F St, T G (Ware), Rev Winfield Cooper, Columbus, R Worster (Canterbury), Mrs W J Baird, E Phillips, Howard A, T E F T Roberts, Shadforth, W J (Victoria), Dr Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), J Hall, J R Newman (East Sheen), W H D (Woburn), Percy Andrea (Clapham), Rev Leonard Matson (Bedford), Major Prichard, J Ross, H P (Dudley), W R Railean, R H Brooks, Bernard Reynolds, J D Tucker (Leeds), G T Addison, Julia Short, J Hepworth Shaw, Thomas Chown, Lieut.-Col. Loraine, L Desanges, E Starswood, W Wright, J Dixon, and F D.

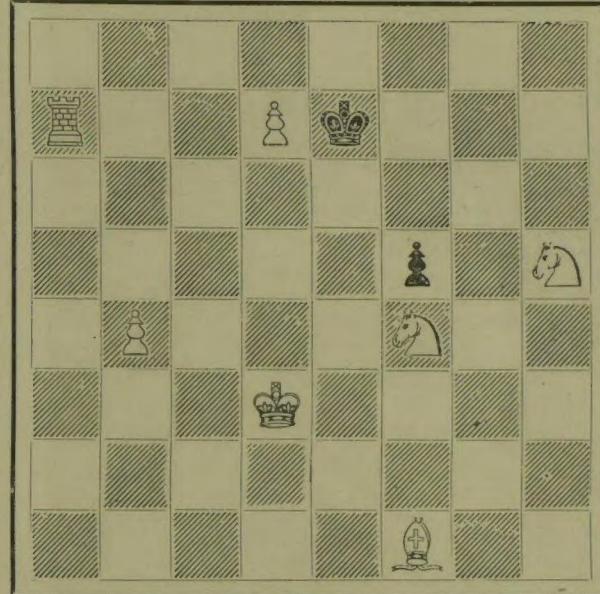
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2306.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 5th	Any move
2. Matres,	

PROBLEM NO. 2310.

By G. E. BARBIER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LANCASHIRE.

One of twenty games played simultaneously by Mr. BLACKBURNE during his recent visit to Rossendale.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Bell)	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Bell)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White here missed an opportunity of winning straight off, by 23 P to R 4th. Black can only answer with Q to R 4th or Kt 7th, and 24 Q to Kt 4th wins either a piece or mates.	
2. P to K 4th	B to Q 4th	23.	B to B 2nd
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	24.	B to Q 6th
4. B to Q 4th	R to Q 3rd	25.	Kt takes B (ch)
5. P to Kt 4th	R to Kt 5th	26.	K to Kt sq
6. P takes P	P takes P	Overlooking Black's rejoinder. Before making this move he should have brought the Kt back to B 5th, threatening the R and shutting the Q out of play.	
7. B takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd	27.	Q to K 4th
8. B takes Kt	R takes B	28.	B to K 4th
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to B 3rd	29.	Q to R 8th (ch)
10. P to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd	30.	R to Kt 7th (ch)
11. K R to B sq	R to B sq	31.	Q to K 4th
12. P to K 5th	R to B 3rd	32.	Kt to Q 4th
13. B to R 3rd (ch)	K to K sq	33.	Kt takes Q
14. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	34.	K to B 2nd
15. Castles	B takes Kt	35.	Kt to Q 6th
16. P takes B	K to B 2nd	36.	K to B 6th
17. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 3rd	37.	Q to K 5th
A good move; compelling White to take B P, and improving his own position.		38.	K to Q 5th
18. P takes B P	P takes P	And in a few more moves White resigned.	
19. Kt to K 3rd	R to Kt 3rd		
We see no object in this; R to Kt sq with the view of an attack on the Queen's side is decidedly preferable.			
20. Kt to B 5th	Q to Kt 4th		
Of no avail; White can easily defend himself on the King's side.			
21. P to B 4th	P takes P		
22. R takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
'A move that ought to have cost Black the game.			
23. Q R to B sq			

Game between Mr. G. MORSE and Mr. H. R. COULDREY.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Weak; Q to B sq is best; and if White plays Q to R 5th, then Q to B 4th.	
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. B to R 3rd	Very well played.
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
4. P to Q 4th	B takes P		
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
6. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th		
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd		
9. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th		
10. B to Kt 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd		
11. B to Q 3rd	Castles		
12. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
13. P to K 5th	P takes P		
Black should have taken the Kt before capturing this P.			
14. B takes R P (ch)	K takes B	There seems to be nothing better, for if Black moves his Q the Kt is lost.	
15. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq	18. Q to R 5th	K R to Q sq
16. Q takes B	Q to Q 3rd	19. Q takes B P (ch)	K to R sq
		20. Q Kt to K 4th	R to Q 3rd
		White threatens Kt to B 6th. There is no defence to save the game.	
		21. Q takes Kt	B to 4th
		22. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
		23. Kt to K 6th	R takes Kt
		24. Q takes Q	R to R 3rd
		25. Q takes B P,	and wins.

As noticed last week, Mr. Blackburne's arrears in the British Chess Club Handicap were due to a visit to his native county, where he has been delighting large audiences by striking exhibitions of his skill. His principal performances were at Rossendale, where on one evening he engaged twenty opponents at once, and defeated them all, with a single exception; whilst the next evening he played eight blindfold games simultaneously with exactly the same success. We give above the game lost on the first occasion, from which it will be seen that the single player ought to have had what in the language of Wimbledon is a "highest possible score."

The quarterly magazine of Wesley College, Dublin, has started a chess column, and offers prizes for a solution and a problem tourney, particulars of which can be obtained from the Chess Editor, 17, Royal-Terrace, Kingston. The column itself seems attractively conducted, but it is to be hoped too much space will not be devoted to the poetry and prose notion of the game, a sort of stuff that makes neither players nor composers. A little of such sentiment goes a long way, and one article in the number under notice provides enough for the rest of the column's career.

We are requested to state that the widow of the late Earl of Seafield wishes it to be known that in future her proper designation is "Georgiana, Countess of Seafield." There being now three Countesses of Seafield, this distinction is necessary to avoid confusion.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Rossini's dramatic masterpiece, "Guillaume Tell," was produced on July 5. "Guillaume Tell," the crowning work of Rossini's career, and one of the finest productions of the lyric stage, was first brought out at Paris, in 1829, when the composer was under forty years of age. All the tempting offers made to him for another opera failed to induce him to make any fresh essay in that direction. By his "Guillaume Tell" he had achieved a grand success and world-wide renown; he was possessed of ample wealth, and would therefore not risk the possibility of falling short of the result already attained—greater popularity being impossible, and money being no object. Perhaps his determination is to be regretted, as he gave up dramatic composition when his powers were at their greatest height, as is proved by his "Stabat Mater," produced some years after his "Guillaume Tell." That this opera has been heard only at intervals is chiefly, if not entirely, owing to the rare appearance of a tenor gifted with a voice of the very exceptional kind capable of realising the music of the character of Arnold, which was written for a very high French tenor, commanding an upper range of notes but seldom possessed. M. Prévost, who sustained the character on the occasion now referred to, made his first appearance here in the same part last year. His recent performance was fully equal to that in the former instance. In each of the great situations the singer displayed high merits, especially in the declamatory passages, his best success having perhaps been in the great trio with Tell and Walter, in which he sang with alternate expressive pathos and heroic passion. The graceful music of Mathilde was very pleasantly sung by Miss Macintyre, who gave the romanza "Selva opaca" (with the preceding recitative), and her share in the love-duet with Arnoldo, with vocal fluency and refined style. A little more dignity of bearing would have been an improvement. The co-operation of M. Lassalle as Tell, and M. E. De Reszké as Walter, was a highly important feature in several instances, notably in the grand trio already referred to. Mdlle. Bauermeister was a very efficient Jemmy (Tell's son), her co-operation in the concerted music of the first act having been especially valuable. Signor I. Corsi gave the Fisherman's Song in the opening scene with fair effect, and the cast included efficient representatives of other characters. The orchestra was competent to the execution of the elaborate instrumental details, and the choral music was finely sung by an augmented chorus, the freshness of the voices having been in agreeable contrast to the chorus-singing of some past opera seasons. The magnificent music in the scene of the meeting of the cantons was admirably rendered. The general representation of the opera, indeed, was such as has scarcely ever been surpassed, if equalled, and the stage arrangements were worthy of Mr. Augustus Harris's high reputation. The ballet action included the skilful dancing of Mdlles. Giuri and Cornalba.

Since the performances noticed by us in our previous issue, "Un Ballo in Maschera" has been given, with the appearance of Madame Rolla as Amelia. The lady, it may be remembered, sustained the character of Donna Elvira, in "Don Giovanni," on May 21, in sudden replacement of Miss Macintyre, who was disabled by indisposition, but who afterwards filled the part with marked success. The ready efficiency of Madame Rolla on the occasion first referred to was matter for favourable comment at the time, and fully justified her assumption of the character of the heroine in the recent performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera," in which she again obtained a genuine success, vocally and dramatically. Mdlle. Sigrid Arnolds was a bright representative of the Page, and the cast was rendered exceptionally strong by the co-operation of Madame Scalchi, M. J. De Reszké, and M. Lassalle in principal parts.

On July 7 a new Carmen appeared in Bizet's opera so entitled. Mdlle. De Lussan, the débutante, achieved a decided success, notwithstanding the disadvantage of appearing in a very arduous part that has been identified with some exceptionally great artists. The new comer has the advantages of youth and good looks, bright vocalisation, and dramatic instincts. She produced a favourable impression throughout, and especially in the later scenes of the opera. The cast was otherwise a familiar one. Signor Mancinelli conducted the performance.

The season (which is being prolonged for a fortnight beyond the original intention) will close on July 21.

The second of Mr. Augustus Harris's operatic concerts at St. James's Hall consisted—as on the previous occasion—of an attractive programme, contributed to by most of the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera.

The Richter Concerts closed the series at St. James's Hall with the ninth concert on July 9. The programme was occupied by Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," that Leviathan piece of Catholic service music which, like his ninth (choral) symphony, seems to have realised the highest possible degree of grandeur and sublimity. A more impressive climax could not have been provided for the series of excellent concerts just terminated.

Mr. De Lara's annual concert at the Opera Comique Theatre, on July 9, included the first public performance of a musical comedietta entitled "A Serenade in Grenada," an adaptation from the French, with music composed by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, who, and Mr. De Lara, were the vocalists in the piece; Madame Filippi and Miss A. Hughes having sustained the acting portions. The music is light and tuneful, and well suited for drawing-room performance. The concert comprised a miscellaneous vocal and instrumental selection, among which were some clever performances by Señor Manjon, a blind guitar player, and violin solos by Mdlle. Levallois. Mrs. Bernard Beere contributed a recitation, and the singing of Mr. De Lara's choir of ladies was a feature in the programme.

Mr. Charles Hallé's series of chamber-music concerts at St. James's Hall closed, on July 6, with the eighth performance, the programme having included his rendering of Beethoven's last solo piano-forte sonata (in C minor, Op. 111), besides some important concerted instrumental works.

Herr Ludwig (violinist) and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse (violincellist) gave the fourth of their interesting chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on July 11, with a programme of strong interest in its instrumental details.</

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Quite unique in its way is the annual fête at the Royal Botanical Gardens. Admission is only secured by the vouchers of fellows of the society; still, there were nearly two thousand guests there on this occasion. It is a rule that evening dress must be worn, and, as far as the male portion of the company went, the regulation was observed. But very few ladies went with either low dresses or uncovered heads, the damp, cold atmosphere forbidding such risks. There were, however, some pretty new-fashioned demi-toilette dresses. One successful gown had a Directoire polonoise of black velvet, with cut steel buttons, opening over a white silk vest and underskirt; sleeves to a little below the elbow, and finished with a pointed white silk cuff, with one button on it. Another, in pale grey silk, with silver embroidery down the front and round the bottom of the skirt, was effective in the subdued light of the illuminations. It is an opportunity for the display of handsome opera-mantles, and one or two were noticeably pretty. A short coat of silver brocade on a white ground was made gathered into a collar and cuffs of pale-yellow silk. A châudron plush had the sleeves draped over with an open-work embroidery of jet, producing the effect now so fashionable of a mere drapery from the shoulder, while at the same time allowing the arm to be protected by the undersleeve of plush. A long coat of primrose and moss-green striped silk with trimmings of green moire was very striking.

But this fête is one of the few fashionable events when the interest of the people and the gowns is quite eclipsed by that of the occasion. The beautiful grounds of the Royal Botanic Society take on the appearance of fairyland. The broad walk lit by chains of large-globed gas-lamps, the trees and lawns dotted with variegated lights, the lake spanned between the islands and the shore with semicircular arches hung with lamps of many colours, which are reflected in the water so as to appear like a great far-stretching oval avenue of parti-coloured light, the tall water-tower and the castellated east gate completely covered with soft pink brilliance—all this makes up an unequalled *tout ensemble*. The great conservatory was entirely lit with the charming "fairy lights," a most effective decoration—some placed about amidst the growing tree ferns and flowers, and others arranged on chandeliers, clusters, and branches of them together, shedding a full yet soft and becoming light. One chandelier had fairy lights with cut-glass supports and delicately-tinted pink covers; another had pink saucers and shades of white thick glass cut into many facets; and yet another of the many forms of fairy light had a porcelain cover painted with sprays of flowers, which showed up with the light beneath just as a transparency does in a window. Nothing could be prettier than the conservatory so lit; each delicate little lamp emitting an unobtrusive flame, while the general effect was brilliant. Banks of orchids here and of roses there; tables fully dressed for dinner with flowers, fruit, wax candles, fairy lights holding menus or surrounded by blossoms, china figures bearing bowls for fruit, glass and silver of the most tasteful description; four military bands playing by turns, in diverse situations; and the immense throng of well-dressed people to give life and movement—the Royal Botanical fête is an attractive event.

The Liberal Unionists are to follow the example of all the other political parties, and engage the assistance of women in their campaign in the country. They have not, any more than the Gladstonian Liberals, learned the great lesson taught by the Primrose League, that it is the association of men and women in political work that produces an active, influential, and powerful organisation. The new Women's Liberal Unionist Association is "to be in communication and act in co-operation" with the Men's Unionist Associations, but is to be a subordinate affair altogether. "No important step will be taken by the women's committee without consultation with the officials of the older and more experienced organisations." This is not the way to make the new association successful. The Primrose League is a power precisely because there the women really have a full, or even a paramount, share in the management. Doubtless they receive counsel, and even take orders from the central organisation of the party; but men and women combine on equal terms in the organisation in the country, and the most active spirits, the true leaders of the Primrose League, are ladies. The separation of the women, marking them off, as it were, as though they were not part of the regular army of the party, but only auxiliary forces, to be alternately patronised and snubbed as the council of war may find convenient—is this the "Liberal" blunder.

The meeting in the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley's drawing-room was a very full and influential one; Lady Edward Cavendish, the Countess of Strafford, Lady Stalbridge, Lady Lawrence, Lady Powerscourt, Lady Lymington, Lady Henley, Lady Grant-Duff, and a great many other women of social position being present, while the Countess of Portsmouth, Lady E. Biddulph, Lady Trelawny, and Mrs. H. Fawcett took part in the proceedings. The Duke of Argyll made the principal speech. He mentioned, as a proof that women in public life are not mere chatteringers, that the late Lord Lawrence, when Chairman of the London School Board, said to his Grace that the distinguishing feature of the women members of that Board was that "they did not talk so much as the men." This is quite true; in public life, as tested by the London School Board, at all events, unrestrained garrulity is not a feminine weakness. Lady Portsmouth's speech was a very favourable specimen of female oratory, her voice being soft and musical, her manner refined and graceful, and her sentiments elevated and sincere in tone. Mrs. Fawcett spoke forcibly, as she always does; but her suggestion that this movement on the part of women was based entirely on high moral grounds and was composed of those outside the current of ordinary party politics, received a curious commentary when one looked at the list of the general committee, and saw that nearly all the ladies on it are simply the relatives of men active in the Unionist party—just as the Gladstonian Liberal women's associations are almost exclusively composed of the wives and daughters of strongly party men holding Home Rule views.

"The Rose—the woman of the flowers," as Leigh Hunt wrote, had her annual court at the Crystal Palace on July 7. The old favourites, including amongst crimson roses "A. K. Williams," "Duke of Edinburgh," "Marie Baumann," and "Ulrich Brunner"; and, amongst white roses, "Niphos," "Merveille de Lyon," and "La France," were there in profusion. The "York and Lancaster," a curious rose with white stripes on red petals, was plentifully shown; and, of course, "Maréchal Niel" was abundant. The silver medal for the best bloom in the show was taken by a splendid specimen of the notable pink rose "M. Etienne Leret," this particular blossom being as large as a tea-plate and perfectly formed; it was grown by Cranston, of Hereford. Amongst the "garden varieties" a cultivated wild rose, called "Hebe's Lip," was very pretty. "W. A. Richardson" is a perfectly orange rose; but, in getting the peculiar colour, the characteristic shape is lost, and the flower does not look a bit like a rose. "Ma Capucin" is another curiosity—quite a brick red. What a charming pursuit rose-growing must be! . . . FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

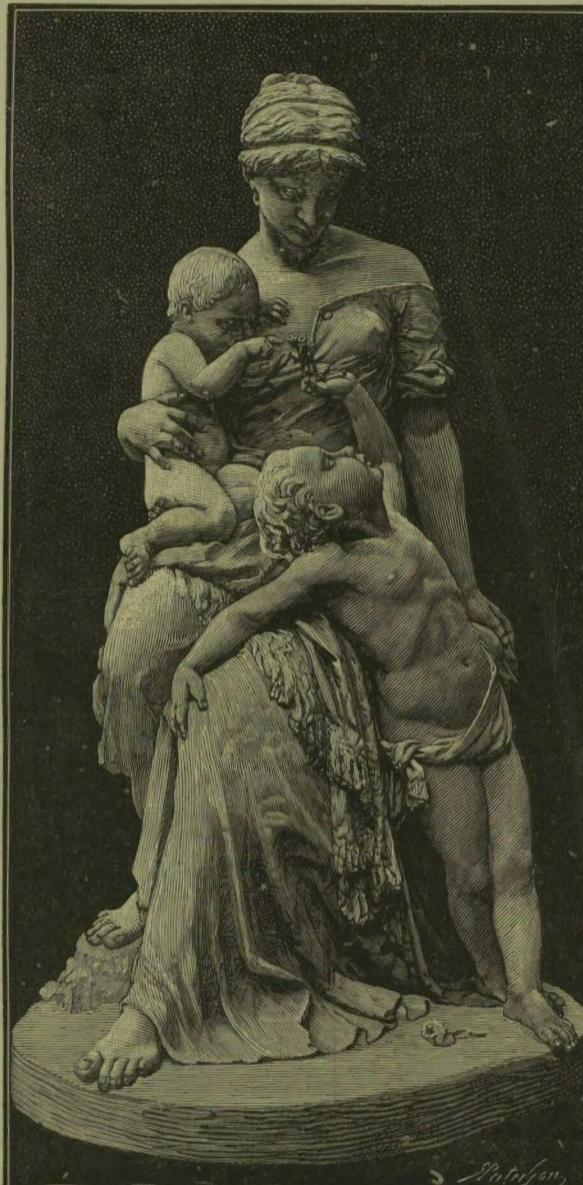
Two interesting groups of sculpture, in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy, are represented in our Illustrations. The one modelled by Mr. C. B. Lawes does not bear, in the Academy catalogue, a title of its precise subject, but the idea is taken from some lines in Byron's stirring narrative poem of "Mazeppa," describing the wild horse laden with the human victim of insolent cruelty:

They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong:
Then loosed him, with a sudden lash—
Away! away! and on we dash;
Torrents less rapid and less rash;

* * * * *

They played me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank;
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash;
The last of human sounds that rose,
As I was parted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter
Which on the wind came roaring after.

But the sculptor, in borrowing this subject from the poet, has substituted a woman for the Polish hero of the original story, who is mentioned in Voltaire's "History of Charles XII., King



OPENING BUDS.—BY G. HALSE.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

of Sweden." Mr. Lawes is eldest and only surviving son of Sir J. B. Lawes, Bart., F.R.S., of Rothamsted Park, St. Albans, the eminent agricultural chemist.

The very pleasing group called "Opening Buds," by Mr. George Halse, symbolical of motherhood and childhood, requires no explanation. It somewhat reminds us of the favourite motive of a design frequently adopted by Italian sculptors of the seventeenth century, to which they would give the title of "Una Carità," or "Una Pietà." Infancy and maternity, shown in these relations of protecting tenderness and dependent helplessness, can never fail to win the sympathy of mankind.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for July contains a powerful attraction in a paper by Sir John E. Millais, R.A., entitled "Thoughts on our Art of To-day." Sir John Millais boldly contends that modern art, and, in particular, the art of England, is in no way behind that of mediæval Italy or ancient Greece, and asserts that the Elgin marbles, and the greatest treasures of the National Gallery, owe a great part of their charm to age and decay. Mr. Maurice Talmyer continues his delightful reminiscences of a summer spent in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and Mr. W. H. Boot, of the Royal Society of British Artists, records the cruise of a painter's house-boat up the Thames. Mr. F. G. Kitton's article on "Charles Dickens and his Portraits" is continued from last month, and is illustrated by several most varying, though very interesting, representations of the great novelist. The frontispiece to this month's issue, an etching, by P. Le Bat, of Meissonier's picture "The Vedette," is particularly worthy of notice.

The frontispiece to the *Art Journal* for July is a capital etching, by Mr. Fred Slocum, of Mr. Dendy Sadler's well-known picture, "Thursday." Two papers particularly worthy of note in this month's journal are Mr. Edwards Roberts's "American Wonderland," an account of the Yellowstone National Park, illustrated with drawings of the wonderful scenery of that wild country; and Mr. R. Phené Spiers' description of the palaces of the late King of Bavaria, also profusely illustrated. Besides the usual monthly issue, the *Art Journal* publishes a summer number on the Glasgow Exhibition: it contains drawings of most of the principal buildings and of many of the exhibits, reproductions of several pictures in the fine-art collection, and three splendid photogravures of the Exhibition and grounds.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

EN ROUTE FOR FRANKFORT.

Not one-third of the seats were occupied in the Paris-Frankfort express by which I left Paris a few nights ago. "It is on account of the new passport regulations," the guard explained in reply to my inquiries. "The traffic seems to diminish every day, and our company must be losing a heap of money. All the tourists now go by way of Delle and Bâle." On the other hand, during the month of June, since the day when the new Alsace-Lorraine frontier regulations came into force, the German Embassy in Paris has taken in no less than 40,000f. in fees for passport visas.

This fact I communicated to the purse-proud and polyglot German gentleman who was my neighbour in the sleeping-car, but, being also a patriot, he found this good round sum a source of joy. "It might," he thought, "ultimately help the new Kaiser to diminish the taxes." My German neighbour was too patriotic, and as I did not see why foreigners should be called upon to pay the taxes of the Vaterland, we agreed to disagree and try to sleep. So the beds were made up and we turned in. "Tackety-tackety, tack, tack, tackety!" went the wheels clattering along the rails; "Tack, tack, tackety, b-r-r-r!" Then comes a fearful jolt, and the car sways to and fro. If I could only get to sleep! What is the matter with this pillow? Is it too high or too low, too hard or too soft? The stupidest and most incongruous thoughts crowd into my head, driving away sleep. The wheels grind and grate, and then start again with their "tack, tack, tackety" sound that adapts it equally to imaginary drum-taps or to the movement of the popular air from the last operetta. Patience! I shall get used to it in another half-hour.

Horrors! Horror! My German neighbour is beginning to snore!—a fine contralto snore! Is it possible?—he is snoring a tune! "Die Wacht am Rhein!" This is, indeed, a patriot!

At four in the morning we reached the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine, and under the watchful eyes of long-legged, blonde soldiers and gorgeously arrayed officials, we passed, we and our baggage, into the Zoll Revisions-Room. But what had I to fear with my British passport imperiously "requesting" and even "requiring in the name of her Majesty all those whom it may concern" to allow me "to pass freely, without let or hindrance"? This is the way to talk to people. There is no ambiguity about a Britisher's passport, and no words lost over useless suavity or formulae of politeness. "Here! you big German official, allow me to pass freely, without let or hindrance! Her Majesty requests and requires you to do so! Be quick and let me go and get my coffee, and mind that the coffee is hot, and accompanied by the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*!" The big German officials, I am bound to say, were very prompt and polite, and their words contrasted strongly with those of my passport.

After this little incident our journey was resumed, and my German neighbour soon fell asleep, and snored "Die Wacht am Rhein" until we came within sight of the Niedwald Denkmal opposite Mayence, when he woke up with singular apropos and a new attack of "patriotismus," which lasted until we steamed into Frankfort station, where he saluted me quite "familionairly," and jumped into a fine two-horse barouche adorned with his coat-of-arms, and with the person of a blonde maiden whom he pointed out to me as his daughter—a sweet creature of archaic outlines, like one of Lucas Cranach's models dressed in modern style by a pupil of Worth. Alas! why did I not flatter this patriotic German? Why did I not agree with him and develop his propositions for him with cumulative arguments? I might, perhaps, have sketched out a romance with the Worth-Cranach maiden, and so steered clear of ennui in sleepy Frankfort.

But why come to Frankfort? To answer this question fully would require a historical dissertation on misunderstood genius. I have come to Frankfort to see half a dozen pictures in the Städelsche Kunst-Institut; not the flat-tinted abominations of Overbeck, Schnorr, Cornelius, and the German school of the nineteenth century, which Baedeker considers to be so interesting, but the early German and Flemish masters, two Velasquez, the portrait of Lucrezia Tornabuoni by Sandro Botticelli, a Madonna by Carpaccio, and an anonymous work of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century. The sight of this last picture alone has repaid me for my journey, and impressed upon my mind a souvenir which I hope will be as indelible as possible. On a very sombre green background is painted a half-length figure of a girl just budding into womanhood, but still retaining something of that adolescent leanness which Donatello and the great Florentines loved to render. The body is loosely draped in white, over which is thrown an olive green mantle. On the brow is an azure band of transparent gauze; in the centre of the brow a jewel; while on the head is wound, turban-like, with crinkled folds, a white scarf which falls over the back of the neck and round over the shoulders; the turban is crowned with a wreath of box-tree sprigs, and from beneath it the golden hair hangs down over the shoulders in innumerable finely-waved wire curls, each distinct from the other, resembling literally golden rain, through which the light plays—a miracle of the coiffeur's art and also of the painter's—not, it is true, of the painter's art as Rembrandt understood it, but as it was practised by the primitive Florentines, who were so keenly sensitive to elegance and minute splendour of raiment and ornament. This enigmatic blonde maiden, with her dark eyes, her regular, tranquil features, her dazzling shower of golden ringlets so prettily displayed, her exquisitely delicate hand, whose slender-pointed fingers hold a bouquet of daisies and pansies—a dainty bouquet of five blossoms, and no more—is so fascinating, and, as the French would say, there is something so disturbing, so *troublant* in her slender and almost meagre form, that when once you have really seen and felt the charm of this picture you have stored up a souvenir for life, to be guarded jealously in the most select corner of your memory.

But I have, I perceive, wandered from the subject, and forgotten even to indicate the historical dissertation which would explain my journey to Frankfort. In two words here it is: If Europe had not misunderstood Napoleon I. we should have had most of the masterpieces of Western art commodiously displayed in the Louvre museum in the very centre of civilisation, and so we should not need to travel over the face of the earth in order to visit unpronounceable "städel'sche kunst-instituts" in out-of-the-way towns in the land of "patriotismus" and "leberwurst."

T. C.

The distribution of prizes, medals, and certificates to the students of the medical school in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital took place on July 5, Professor Stokes, M.P., in the chair. The prizes were distributed, and among those who had specially distinguished themselves may be mentioned Mr. J. E. Harris, who won the Entrance Science Scholarship (value 125 guineas) and certificate of honour; Mr. C. H. James, who received the Solly medal and prize; Mr. F. C. Abbott, Mr. W. B. Winston, and Mr. H. G. Turney.



SAVING FOR THE WEDDING.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER II.



HUS did my father, by his own act and deed, strip himself of all his worldly wealth. Yet, having nothing, he ceased not to put his trust in the Lord, and continued to sit among his books, never asking whence came the food provided for him. I think, indeed, so wrapped was he in thought, that he knew not. As for procuring the daily food, my mother it was who found out the way.

Those who live in other parts of this kingdom do not know what a busy and populous county is that of Somerset. Apart from the shipping and the great trade with Ireland, Spain, and the West Indies carried on from the Port of Bristol, we have our great manufactures of cloth, in which we are surpassed by no country in the world. The town of Taunton alone can boast of eleven hundred looms always at work making Sagathies and Des Roys; there are many looms at Bristol, where they make for the most part Druggets and Cantaloons; and there are great numbers at that rich and populous town of Frome Selwood, where they manufacture the Spanish Medleys. Besides the clothworkers, we have, in addition, our knitted-stockin trade, which is carried on mostly at Glastonbury and Shepton Mallet. Not only does this flourishing trade make the masters rich and prosperous (it is not uncommon to find a master with his twenty—ay, and his forty—thousand pounds), but it fills all the country with work, so that the towns are frequent, populous, and full of everything that men can want; and the very villages are not like those which may be seen in other parts, poor and squalid, but well built and comfortable.

Every cottage has its spinning-wheel. The mother, when she is not doing the work of the house, sits at the wheel; the girls, when they have nothing else to do, are made to knit stockings. Every week the master-clothier sends round his men among the villages, their pack-horses laden with wool; every week they return, their packs laden with yarn, ready for the loom.

There is no part of England where the people are more prosperous and more contented. Nowhere are there more towns, and all thriving: nowhere are the villages better built: nor can one find anywhere else more beautiful churches. Because the people make good wages they are independent in their manners: they have learned things supposed to be above the station of the humble; most of them in the towns, and many in the villages, are able to read. This enables them to search the Scriptures, and examine into doctrine by the light of their own reason, guided by grace. And to me, the daughter of a Nonconforming preacher, it does not seem wonderful that so many of them should have become stiff and sturdy Nonconformists. This was seen in the year 1685, and, again, three years later, when a greater than Monmouth landed on the western shores.

My mother, then, seeing no hope that her husband would earn, by any work of his own, the daily bread of the household, bravely followed the example of the women in the village. That is to say, she set up her spinning-wheel, and spent all the time that she could spare spinning the wool into yarn; while she taught her little boy first and, afterwards, her daughter—as soon as I was old enough—to manage the needles, to knit stockings. What trade, indeed, could her husband follow save one—and that, by law, prohibited? He could not dig; he could not make anything; he knew not how to buy or sell; he could only study, write, and preach. Therefore, while he sat among his books in one room, she sat over her wheel in the other, working for the master-clothiers of Frome Selwood. It still makes my heart to swell with pity and with love when I think upon my mother, thus spending herself and being spent, working all day, huckstering with the rough pack-horsemen more accustomed to exchange rude jests with the rustics than to talk with gentlewomen. And this she continued to do year after year, cheerful and contented, so that her husband should never feel the pinch of poverty. Love makes us willing slaves.

My father, happily, was not a man whose mind was troubled about food. He paid no heed at all to what he ate, provided that it was sufficient for his needs; he would sup his broth of pork and turnips and bread, after thanks rendered, as if it were the finest dish in the world; and a piece of cold bacon with a hot cabbage would be a feast for him. The cider which he drank was brewed by my mother from her own apples; to him it was as good as if it had been Sherris or Rhenish. I say that he did not even know how his food was provided for him; his mind was at all times occupied with subjects so lofty that he knew not what was done under his very eyes. The hand of God, he said, doth still support His faithful. Doubtless we cannot look back upon those years without owning that we were so supported. But my mother was the instrument; nay, my father sometimes even compared himself with satisfaction unto the Prophet Elijah, whom the ravens fed in the Brook Cherith, bringing him flesh and bread in the morning and flesh and bread in the evening. I suppose my father thought that his bacon and beans came to him in the same manner.

Yet we should sometimes have fared but poorly had it not been for the charity of our friends. Many a fat capon, green goose, side of bacon, and young grunter came to us from the Manor House, with tobacco, which my father loved, and wine to comfort his soul; yea, and clothes for us all, else had we gone barefoot and in rags. In this way was many an ejected Elijah at that time nourished and supported. Fresh meat we should never have tasted, any more than the humblest around us, had it not been for our good friends at the Manor House. Those who live in towns cannot understand how frugal and yet sufficient may be the fare of those who live in the country and have gardens and orchards. Cider was our drink, which we made ourselves; we had some sweet apple-trees, which gave us a stock of russets and pippins for winter use; we had bees (but we sold most of our honey at Sherborne Market); our garden grew sallets and onions, beans and the like; skim milk we could have from the Manor House for the fetching; for breakfast we had bread and milk, for dinner bread and soft cheese, with a lettuce or an apple; and bread or bread and butter for supper. For my father there was always kept a piece of bacon, or fat pork.

Our house was one of the cottages in the village: it is a stone house (often I sit down to look at it, and to remember those days of humility) with a thick thatch. It had two rooms below and two garrets above. One room was made into a study or library for my father, where also he slept upon a pallet. The other was kitchen, spinning-room, parlour, all in one. The door opened upon the garden, and the floor was of stone, so that it was cold. But when Barnaby began to find

the use of his hands, he procured some boards, which he laid upon the stones, and so we had a wooden floor; and in winter across the door we hung a blanket or rug to keep off the wind.

The walls were whitewashed, and over all my mother had written texts of Scripture with charcoal, so that godly admonition was ever present to our eyes and minds. She also embroidered short texts upon our garments, and I have still the cradle in which I was laid, carved (but I do not know by whose hand) with a verse from the Word of God. My father used himself, and would have us employ, the words of the Bible even for the smaller occasions of daily use; nor would he allow that anything was lawful unless it was sanctioned by the Bible, holding that in the Word was everything necessary or lawful. Did Barnaby go shooting with Sir Christopher and bring home a rabbit?—Lo! David bade the children of Israel teach the use of the bow. Did my mother instruct and amuse me with riddles?—She had the warrant of Scripture for it in the example of Samson. Did she sing Psalms and spiritual songs to while away the time and make her work less irksome and please her little daughter?—In the congregation of Nehemiah there were two hundred forty-and-five singing men and singing women.

My father read and expounded the Bible to us twice a day—morning and evening. Besides the Bible we had few books which we could read. As for my mother, poor soul, she had no time to read. And as for me, when I grew older I borrowed books from the Manor House or Mr. Boscorel. And there were "Old Mr. Dod's Sayings" and "Plain Directions by Joseph Large" always on the shelf beside the Bible.

Now, while my father worked in his study and my brother Barnaby either sat over his lesson-book, his hands rammed into his hair, as if determined to lose nothing, not the least scrap of his portion (yet knowing full well that on the morrow there would be not a word left in his poor unlucky noddle, and once more the whip), my mother would sit at her wheel earning the daily bread. And, when I was little, she would tell me, speaking very softly, so as not to disturb the wrestling of her husband with a knotty argument, all the things which you have heard—how my father chose rather poverty than to worship at the altar of Baal; and how two thousand pious ministers, like-minded with himself, left their pulpits and went out into the cold for conscience' sake. So that I was easily led to think that there were no Christian martyrs and confessors more excellent and praiseworthy than these ejected ministers (which still I believe). Then would she tell me further of how they fared, and how the common people do still reverence them. There was the history of John Norman, of Bridgwater; Joseph Chadwick, of Wrenford; Felix Howe, of West Torrington; George Minton, and many others. She also instructed me very early in the history of the Protestant uprising over the best half of Europe, and showed me how, against fearful odds, and after burnings and tortures unspeakable, the good people of Germany, the Netherlands, and Great Britain won their freedom from the Pope, so that my heart glowed within me to think of the great goodness and mercy which caused me to be born in a Protestant country. And she instructed me, later, in the wickedness of King Charles, whom they now call a martyr, and in the plots of that King, and Laud his Archbishop, and how King and Archbishop were both overthrown and perished when the people arose and would bear no more. In fine, my mother made me, from the beginning, a Puritan. As I remember my mother always, she was pale of cheek and thin, her voice was gentle; yet with her very gentleness she would make the blood to run quick in the veins, and the heart to beat.

How have I seen the boys spring to their feet when she has talked with them of the great civil war and the Revolution! But always soft and gentle; her blue eyes never flashing; no wrath in her heart; but the truth, which often causeth righteous anger, always upon her tongue.

One day, I remember, when I was a little girl playing in the garden, Mr. Boscorel walked down the village in his great silken gown, which seemed always new, his lace ruffs, and his white bands, looking like a Bishop at least, and walking delicately, holding up his gown to keep it from the dust and mud. When he spoke it was in a soft voice and a mincing speech, not like our plain Somersetshire way. He stopped at our gate, and looked down the garden. It was a summer day, the doors and windows of the cottage were open; at our window sat my father bending over his books, in his rusty gown and black cap, thin and lank; at the door sat my mother at her wheel.

"Child," said the Rector, "take heed thou never forget in thine age the thing which thou seest daily in thy childhood."

I knew not what he meant.

"Read and mark" he said; "yea, little Alice, learn by heart what the Wise Man hath said of the good woman: 'She layeth her hand to the spindle . . . she maketh fine linen and selleth it . . . she eateth not the bread of idleness. . . . Let her works praise her in the gates.'"

CHAPTER III.

THE BOYS.

The family of Challis, of Bradford Orcas, is well known; here there has always been a Challis from time immemorial. They are said to have been on the land before the time of the Conqueror. But because they have never been a great family, like the Mohuns of Dunster, but only modest gentle-folk with some four or five hundred pounds a year, they have not suffered, like those great houses, from the civil wars, which, when they raged in the land, brought in their train so many attainders, secessions, beheadings, imprisonments, and fines. Whether the Barons fought, or whether Cavaliers and Roundheads, the Challises remained at Bradford Orcas.

Since the land is theirs and the village, it is reasonable that they should have done everything that has been done for the place. One of them built the church, but I know not when; another built the tower; another gave the peal of bells. He who reigned here in the time of Henry VII. built the Manor House; another built the mill; the monuments in the church are all put up to the memory of Challises dead and gone; there is one, a very stately tomb, which figures, to the life, Sir William Challis (who died in the time of Queen Elizabeth), carved in marble, and coloured, kneeling at a desk; opposite to him is his second wife, Grace, also kneeling. Behind the husband are three boys, on their knees, and behind the wife are three girls. Apart from this group is the effigy of Filipa, Sir Christopher's first wife, with four daughters kneeling behind her. I was always sorry for Filipa, thus separated and cut off from the society of her husband. There are brasses on the floor with figures of other Challises, and tablets in the wall, and the Challises' coat-of-arms is everywhere, cut in lozenges, and painted in wood, and shining in the east window. It seemed to me, in my young days, that it was the grandest thing in the world to be a Challis.

In this family there was a laudable practice with the younger sons, that they stayed not at home, as is too often their custom, leading indolent lives without ambition or fortune, but they sailed forth and sought fortune in trade, or in the Law, or in the Church, or in foreign service—wherever fortune

is to be honourably won—so that, though I daresay some have proved dead and dry branches, others have put forth flowers and fruit abundantly, forming new and vigorous trees sprung from the ancient root. Thus, some have become judges: and some bishops: and some great merchants: some have crossed the ocean and are now settled in the Plantations: some have attained rank and estates in the service of the Low Countries. Thus, Sir Christopher's brother Humphrey went to London and became a Levant merchant and adventurer, rising to great honour and becoming alderman. I doubt not that he would have been made Lord Mayor but for his untimely death. And as for his wealth, which was rumoured to be so great—but you shall hear of this in due time.

That godly following of his household which you have seen enter the church on Farewell Sunday, was shortly afterwards broken into by death. There fell upon the village (I think it was in the year 1665) the scourge of a putrid fever, of which there died, besides numbers of the village folk, Madam herself—the honoured wife of Sir Christopher—Humphrey his son, and Madam Patience Boscorel, his daughter. There were left to Sir Christopher, therefore, only his daughter-in-law and his grandsons Robin and Benjamin. And in that year his household was increased by the arrival of his grand-nephew Humphrey. This child was the grandson of Sir Christopher's brother, the Turkey or Levant merchant of whom I have spoken. He was rich and prosperous: his ships sailed out every year laden with I know not what, and returned with figs, dates, spices, gums, silks, and all kinds of precious commodities from Eastern parts. It is, I have been told, a profitable trade, but subject to terrible dangers from Moorish pirates, who must be bravely fought and beaten off, otherwise ship and cargo will be taken, and captain and crew driven into slavery. Mr. Challis dwelt in Thames-street, close to Tower-hill. It is said that he lived here in great splendour, as befits a rich merchant who is also an Alderman.

Now, in the year 1665, as is very well known, a great plague broke out in the city. There were living in the house of Thames-street the Alderman, his wife, his son, his son's wife, a daughter, and his grandson, little Humphrey. On the first outbreak of the pestilence they took counsel together and resolved that the child should be first sent away to be out of danger, and that they would follow if the plague spread.

This was done, and a sober man, one of their porters or warehousemen, carried the child with his nurse all the way from London to Bradford Orcas. Alas! Before the boy reached his great-uncle, the house in Thames-street was attacked by the plague, and everyone therein perished. Thus was poor little Humphrey deprived of his parents. I know not who were his guardians or trustees, or what steps, if any, were taken to inquire into the Alderman's estate; but when, next year, the Great Fire of London destroyed the house in Thames-street, with so many others, all the estate, whatever it had been, vanished, and could no more be traced. There must have been large moneys owing. It is certain that he had ventures in ships. It has been supposed that he owned many houses in the City, but they were destroyed and their very sites forgotten, and no deeds or papers, or any proof of ownership, were left. Moreover, there was nobody charged with inquiring into this orphan's affairs. Therefore, in the general confusion nothing at all was saved out of what had been a goodly property, and the child Humphrey was left without a guinea in the world. Thus unstable is Fortune.

I know not whether Humphrey received a fall in his infancy, or whether he was born with his deformity, but the poor lad grew up with a crooked figure, one shoulder being higher than the other, and his legs short, so that he looked as if his arms were too long for him. We, who saw him thus every day, paid no heed, nor did he suffer from any of those cruel gibes and taunts which are often passed upon lads thus afflicted. As he was by nature or misfortune debarred from the rough sports which pleased his cousins, the boy gave himself up to reading and study, and to music. His manner of speech was soft and gentle; his voice was always sweet, and afterwards became strong as well, so that I have never heard a better singer. His face—ah! my brother Humphrey, what a lovely face was thine! All goodness, surely was stamped upon that face. Never, never did an unworthy thought defile that candid soul, or a bad action cast a cloud upon that brow!

As for Robin, Sir Christopher's grandson, I think he was always what he is still, namely, one of a joyous heart and a cheerful countenance. As a boy he laughed continually, would sing more willingly than read, would play rather than work, loved to course and shoot and ride better than to learn Latin grammar, and would readily off coat and fight with any who invited him. Yet not a fool or a clown, but always a gentleman in manners, and one who read such things as behove a country gentleman, and scrupulous as to the point of honour. Such as he is still such he was always. And of a comely presence, with a rosy cheek and bright eyes, and the strength of a young David, as well as his ruddy and goodly countenance. The name of David, I am told, means "darling." Therefore, ought my Robin to have been named David. There were two other boys—Barnaby, my brother, who was six years older than myself, and, therefore, always to me a great boy; and Benjamin, the son of the Rev. Mr. Boscorel—the Rector. Barnaby grew up so broad and strong that at twelve he would have passed easily for seventeen; his square shoulders, deep chest, and big limbs made him like a bull for strength. Yet he was shorter than most, and looked shorter than he was by reason of his great breadth. He was always exercising his strength; he would toss the hay with the haymakers, and carry the corn for the reapers, and thresh with the flail, and guide the plough. He loved to climb great trees, and to fell them with an axe. Everybody in the village admired his wonderful strength. Unfortunately, he loved not books, and could never learn anything, so that when, by dint of great application and many repetitions, he had learned a little piece of a Latin verb, he straightway forgot it in the night, and so, next day, there was another flogging. But that he heeded little. He was five years older than Robin, and taught him all his woodcraft—where to find pheasants' eggs, how to catch squirrels, how to trap weasels and stoats, how to hunt the otter, how to make a goldfinch whistle and a raven talk—never was there such a master of that wisdom which doth not advance a man in the world.

Now, before Barnaby's birth, his mother, after the manner of Hannah, gave him solemnly unto the Lord all the days of his life, and after his birth, her husband, after the manner of Elkanah, said "Do what seemeth thee good; only the Lord establish his word." He was, therefore, to become a minister, like his father before him. Alas! poor Barnaby could not even learn the Latin verbs, and his heart, it was found, as he grew older, was wholly set upon the things of this world. Wherefore, my mother prayed for him daily while she sat at her work, that his heart might be turned, and that he might get understanding.

As for the fourth of the boys, Benjamin Boscorel, he was about two years younger than Barnaby, a boy who, for want of a mother, and because his father was careless of him, grew up rough and coarse in manners and in speech, and boastful of his powers. To hear Ben talk you would think that all the



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Every morning Sir Christopher sat in his Justice's chair. . . . Sometimes gipsies would be brought before him charged with stealing poultry.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

boys of his school (the grammar school of Sherborne) were heroes; that the Latin taught was of a quality superior to that which Robin and Humphrey learnt of my father; and that when he himself went out into the world the superiority of his parts would be immediately perceived and acknowledged.

Those who watch boys at play together—girls more early learn to govern themselves and to conceal their thoughts, if not their tempers—may, after a manner, predict the future character of every one. There is the man who wants all for himself, and still wants more, and will take all and yield nothing, save on compulsion, and cares not a straw about his neighbour—such was Benjamin, as a boy. There is the man who gives all generously—such was Robin. There is, again, the man whose mind is raised above the petty cares of the multitude, and dwells apart, occupied with great thoughts—such was Humphrey. Lastly, there is the man who can act but cannot think; who is born to be led; who is full of courage and of strength, and leaves all to his commander, captain, or master—such was Barnaby.

As I think of these lads it seems as if the kind of man into which each would grow must have been stamped upon their foreheads. Perhaps to the elders this prognostic was easy to read.

They suffered me to play with them or to watch them at play. When the boys went off to the woods I went with them. I watched them set their traps—I ran when they ran. And then, as now, I loved Robin and Humphrey. But I could not endure—no; not even the touch of him—Benjamin, with the loud laugh and the braggart voice, who laughed at me because I was a girl and could not fight. The time came when he did not laugh at me because I was a girl. And oh! to think—only to think—of the time that came after that!

CHAPTER IV.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

At the mere remembrance of Sir Christopher, I am fain to lay down my pen and to weep, as for one whose goodness was unsurpassed, and whose end was undeserved. Good works, I know, are rags, and men cannot deserve the mercy of God by any merits of their own; but a good man—a man whose heart is full of justice, mercy, virtue, and truth—is so rare a creature, that when there is found such a one his salvation seems assured. Is it not wonderful that there are among us so many good Christians, but so few good men? I am, indeed, in private duty bound to acknowledge Sir Christopher's goodness to me and to mine. He was, as I have said, the mainstay of our household. Had we depended wholly on my mother's work, we should sometimes have fared miserably indeed. Nay, he did more. Though a Justice of the Peace, he invited my father every Sunday evening to the Manor House for spiritual conversation, not only for his own profit, but knowing that to expound was to my father the breath of his nostrils, so that if he could not expound he must die. In person, Sir Christopher was tall; after the fashion (which I love) of the days when he was a young man he wore his own hair, which, being now white and long, became his venerable face much better than any wig—white, black, or brown. He was generally dressed, as became his station of simple country gentleman, in a plush coat with silver buttons, and for the most part he wore boots, being of an active habit and always walking about his fields or in his gardens among his flowers and his fruit-trees. He was so good a sportsman that with his rod, his gun, and his hawk he provided his table with everything except beef, mutton, and pork. In religion he inclined to Independency, being above all things an upholder of private judgment; in politics, he denied the Divine right, and openly said that a Challis might be a King as well as a Stuart; he abhorred the Pope and all his works; and though he was now for a Monarchy, he would have the King's own power limited by the Parliament. In his manners he was grave and dignified; not austere, but one who loved a cheerful companion. He rode once a week, on market day, to Sherborne, where he dined with his brother Justices, hearing and discussing the news, though news comes but slowly from London to these parts—it was fourteen days after the landing of the King in the year 1660 that the bells of Sherborne Minster rang for that event. Sometimes a copy of the *London Gazette* came down by the Exeter coach, or some of the company had lately passed a night where the coach stopped, and conversed with travellers from London and heard the news. For the rest of the week, his Honour was at home. For the most part he sat in the hall. In the middle stands the great oak table where all the household sit at meals together. There was little difference between the dishes served above and those below the salt, save that those above had each a glass of strong ale or of wine after dinner and supper. One side of the hall was hung with arras worked with representations of herbs, beasts, and birds. On the other side was the great chimney, where in the winter a noble fire was kept up all day long. On either side of it hung fox skins, otter skins, polecat skins, with fishing-rods, stags' heads, horns, and other trophies of the chase. At the end was a screen covered with old coats of mail, helmets, bucklers, lances, pikes, pistols, guns with match-locks, and a trophy of swords arranged in form of a star. Below the cornice hung a row of leathern jerkins, black and dusty, which had formerly been worn in place of armour by the common sort. In the oriel window was a sloping desk, having on one side the Bible and on the other Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." Below was a shelf with other books, such as Vincent Wing's Almanack, King Charles's "Golden Rules," "Glanville on Apparitions," the "Complete Justice," and the "Book of Farriery." There was also in the hall a great side-board, covered with Turkey work, pewter, brass, and fine linen. In the cupboard below was his Honour's plate, reported to be worth a great deal of money.

Sir Christopher sat in a high chair, curiously carved, with arms and a triangular seat. It had belonged to the family for many generations. Within reach of the chair was the tobacco-jar, his pipe, and his favourite book—namely, "The Gentleman's Academic: or the Book of St. Albans, being a Work on Hunting, Hawking, and Armorie," by Dame Juliana Berners, who wrote it two hundred and fifty years ago. Sir Christopher loved especially to read aloud that chapter in which it is proved that the distinction between gentleman and churl began soon after the Creation, when Cain proved himself a churl, and Seth was created Gentleman and Esquire or Armiger by Adam, his father. This distinction was renewed after the Flood by Noah himself, a gentleman by lineal descent from Seth. In the case of his sons, Ham was the churl, and the other two were the gentlemen. I have sometimes thought that, according to this author, all of us who are descended from Shem or Japhet should be gentlemen, in which case there would be no churl in Great Britain at all. But certainly there are many; so that, to my poor thinking, Dame Juliana Berners must be wrong.

There is, in addition to the great hall, the best parlour. But as this was never wanted, the door of it was never opened except at cleaning time. Then, to be sure, one saw a room furnished very grand, with chairs in Turkey work, and hung round with family portraits. The men were clad in armour, as if they had all been soldiers or commanders; the women

were mostly dressed as shepherdesses, with crooks in their hands and flowing robes. In the garden was a long bowling green, where in summer Sir Christopher took great pleasure in that ancient game: below the garden was a broad fishpond, made by damming the stream: above and below the pond there were trout, and in the pond were carp and jack. A part of the garden was laid out for flowers, a part for the still-room, and a part for fruit. I have never seen anywhere a better ordered garden for the still-room. Everything grew therein that the housewife wants: sweet cicely, rosemary, burnet, sweet basil, chives, dill, clary, angelica, lipwort, tarragon, thyme, and mint: there were, as Lord Bacon, in his "Essay on Gardens," would have, "whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread." There were thick hedges to keep off the east wind in spring, so that one would enjoy the sun when that cold wind was blowing. But in Somerset that wind hath not the bitterness that it possesses along the eastern shores of the land.

Every morning Sir Christopher sat in his Justice's chair under the helmets and the coats of armour. Sometimes gypsies would be brought before him, charged with stealing poultry or poisoning pigs; or a rogue and vagabond would stray into the parish; these gentry were very speedily whipped out of it. As for our own people, there is nowhere a more quiet and orderly village; quarrels there are with the clothiers' men, who will still try to beat down the value of the women's work, and bickerings sometimes between the women themselves. Sir Christopher was judge for all. Truly he was a patriarch like unto Abraham, and a father to his people. Never was sick man suffered to want for medicines and succour; never was aged man suffered to lack food and fire; did any youth show leanings towards sloth, profligacy, or drunkenness, he was straightway admonished, and that right soundly, so that his back and shoulders would remind him for many days of his sin. By evildoers Sir Christopher was feared as much as he was beloved by all good men and true. This also is proper to one in high station and authority.

In the evening he amused himself in playing backgammon with the boys, or chess with his son-in-law, Mr. Boscorel: but the latter with less pleasure, because he was generally defeated in the game. He greatly delighted in the conversation and society of that learned and ingenious gentleman, though on matters of religion and of polities his son-in-law belonged to the opposite way of thinking.

I do not know why Mr. Boscorel took upon himself holy orders. God forbid that I should speak ill of any in authority, and especially of one who was kind and charitable to all, and refused to become a persecutor of those who desired freedom of conscience and of speech. But if the chief duty of a minister of the gospel is to preach, then was Mr. Boscorel little better than a dog who cannot bark. He did not preach; that is to say, he could not, like my father, mount the pulpit, Bible in hand, and teach, admonish, argue, and convince without a written word. He read every Sunday morning a brief discourse, which might, perhaps, have instructed Oxford scholars, but would not be understood by the common people. As for arguments on religion, spiritual conversation, or personal experience of grace, he would never suffer such talk in his presence, because it argued private judgment and caused, he said, the growth of spiritual pride. And of those hot Gospellers whose zeal brings them to prison and the pillory, he spoke with contempt. His conversation, I must acknowledge, was full of delight and instruction, if the things which one learned of him were not vanities. He had travelled in Italy and in France, and he loved to talk of poetry, architecture, statuary, medals and coins, antiquities and so forth—things harmless and, perhaps, laudable in themselves, but for a preacher of the gospel who ought to think of nothing but his sacred calling, they are surely superfluities. Or he would talk of the manners and customs of strange countries, and especially of the Pope. This person, whom I have been taught to look upon as from the very nature of his pretensions the most wicked of living men, Mr. Boscorel regarded with as much toleration as he bestowed upon an Independent. Then he would tell us of London and the manners of the great: of the King, whom he had seen, and the Court, seeming to wink at things which one ought to hold in abhorrence. He even told us of the playhouse, which, according to my father, is the most subtle engine ever invented by the Devil for the destruction of souls. Yet Mr. Boscorel sighed to think that he could no longer visit that place of amusement. He loved also music, and played movingly upon the violoncello; and he could make pictures with pen, pencil, or brush. I have some of his paintings still, especially a picture which he drew of Humphrey playing the fiddle, his great eyes looking upwards as if the music was drawing his soul to heaven. I know not why he painted a halo about his face. Mr. Boscorel also loved poetry, and quoted Shakespeare and Ben Jonson more readily than the Word of God.

In person he was of a goodly countenance, having clear-cut features; a straight nose, rather long; soft eyes, and a gentle voice. He was dainty in his apparel, loving fine clean linen and laced neckerchiefs, but was not a gross feeder; he drank but little wine, but would discourse upon fine wines, such as the Tokay of Hungary, Commandery wine from Cyprus, and the like, and he seemed better pleased to watch the colour of the wine in the glass, and to breathe its perfume, than to drink it. Above all things he hated coarse speech and rude manners. He spoke of men as if he stood on an eminence watching them, and always with pity, as if he belonged to a nobler creation. How could such a man have such a son?

(To be continued.)

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Ninety-Two (from Jan. 7 to June 30, 1888) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated July 28, 1879), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5, 1879, and June 23, 1881), of the Right Hon. Mary Dowager Baroness Kilmaine, late of No. 10, Marlbury-road, South Kensington, who died on April 22 last, granted to the Hon. Arthur Henry Browne, the son, the sole executor, was resealed in London on June 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being taken under a nominal sum. The testatrix makes various dispositions of policies of insurance and moneys in settlement in favour of members of her family; and there are numerous specific bequests. The residue of her property she gives to her said son.

The will (dated June 12, 1886) of Mr. William Henderson, late of No. 12, Porchester-square, Bayswater, who died on May 12 last, was proved on June 22 by John Paton Watson, Mrs. Mary Mackenzie, the daughter, and William Henderson Mackenzie, the grandson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £454,000. The testator bequeaths certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £60,985, upon trust, for his said daughter, Mrs. Mackenzie, for life, and then for her children; certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £19,800, to his grandson Samuel Kenneth Mackenzie; certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £20,000, to his grandson, Douglas Mackenzie; certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £30,000, to his three granddaughters, Alice Mary Mackenzie, Mabel Paten Mackenzie, and Christiana Jessie Mackenzie, in equal shares; £1000 each to his niece, Mrs. Helen Davidson Wallace, and his nephew, Robert Mackenzie; and £500 to his executor, Mr. Watson. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his said grandson William Henderson Mackenzie.

The will (dated March 28, 1878), with a codicil (dated Jan. 6, 1886), of the Rev. Charles Fox Chawner, Rector of Bletchingley, Surrey, who died on May 25 last, was proved on July 3 by Mrs. Frances Sarah Chawner, the widow, Charles Robert Rivington, and the Rev. John Hampton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testator bequeaths his plate to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son, Lawrence Chaloner; his jewellery to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his daughters, Ethel Frances and Winifred Marion; his furniture and the rest of his effects and £200 to his wife; £300 to his granddaughter, Marion Charlotte Brooke Taylor; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. Rivington and Mr. Hampton. He appoints to his said son certain reversionary property in settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to the income of four equal thirteenth parts thereof, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, for his children.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1886) of Mr. Henry Charles Jeffreys, formerly of No. 123, Piccadilly, and late of No. 12, Park-lane, Hyde Park, who died on May 31 last, was proved on June 30 by Edward William Jeffreys, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate equally between his nine nephews and nieces—viz., the two children of his brother Herbert Castleman Jeffreys, and the seven children of his brother Edward William Jeffreys.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1883) of Mr. Barnard Fowler, of the firm of Messrs. John Fowler and Co., Steam-Plough Works, Leeds, who died on July 6, 1883, was proved on June 23 by Robert Henry Fowler, the nephew, and Robert Fowler, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his brother Robert for his own use and benefit.

The will (dated April 7, 1888) of Mr. Robert Clark, late of Devizes, Wilts, who died on April 27 last, was proved on June 21 by Miss Martha Clark, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his daughters, Martha and Ellen, equally.

The will (dated June 17, 1879), with four codicils (dated Sept. 2, 1879; Aug. 30 and Sept. 15, 1880; and Aug. 18, 1883), of Major Robert Carmichael-Smyth, formerly of the 93rd Highlanders, and of No. 17, Norfolk-crescent, Bath, but late of Frome, Somersetshire, who died on May 13 last, was proved on June 29 by Sir James Morse Carmichael, Bart., the great-nephew, and Leonard Hopwood Hicks, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Susan Carmichael-Smyth, who is otherwise amply provided for; £800 to Lady Louisa Charlotte, the widow of his late nephew, Sir James Robert Carmichael; his furniture, pictures, plate, papers, manuscripts, and effects to his said grand-nephew, Sir James Morse Carmichael; and legacies to his brother, nephews, nieces, and other relatives, and to old friends and servants. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his brother, nephews, nieces, and other relatives by blood or marriage, to whom he has given legacies, in proportion to the amount of their legacies.

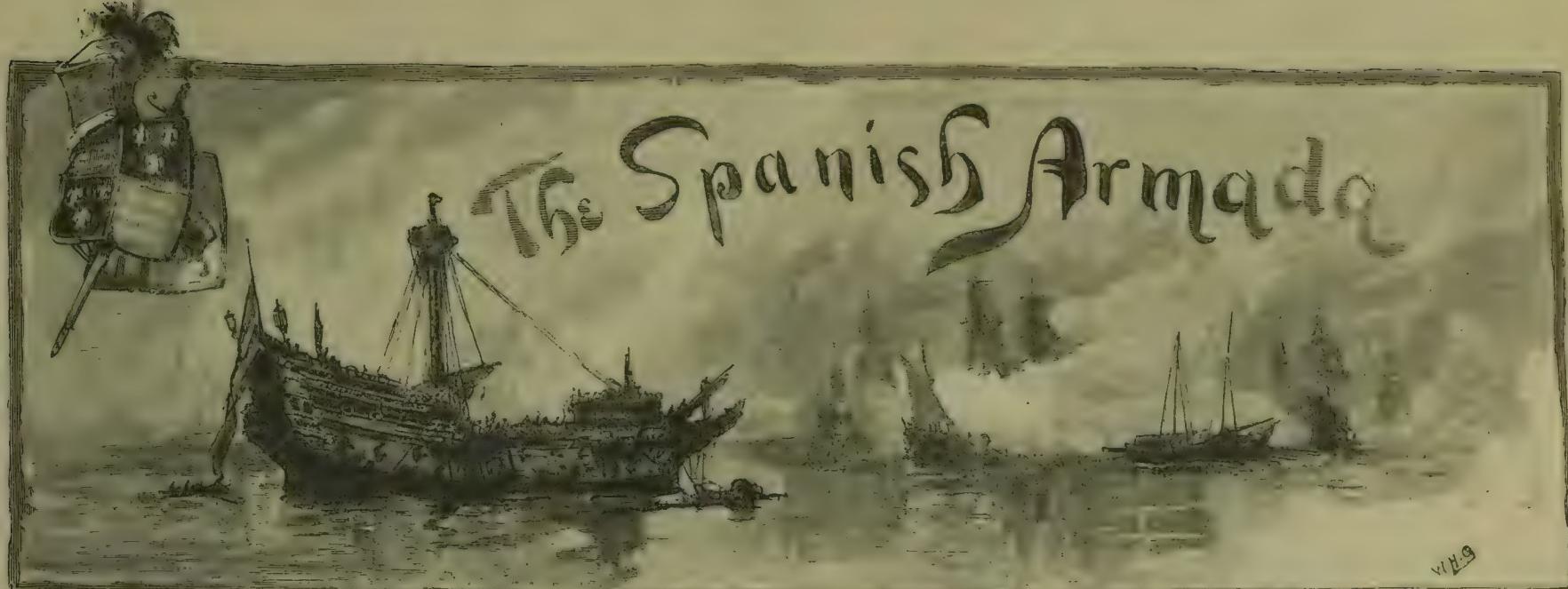
The will (dated April 26, 1888) of Mr. Charles Franklin, late of No. 2, Eastern-terrace, Cambridge, who died on June 3, was proved on June 22 by Arthur Franklin, the brother, and Walter Newell Rook, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 and the use of his household goods, for life, to his wife; £500 each to his three brothers and his six sisters; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then equally to his nephews and nieces, share and share alike.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1881) of the Venerable John Hannah, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Lewes, who died on June 1, at the Vicarage, Brighton, was proved on June 28 by the Rev. John Julius Hannah, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7900. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his said son.

Prince Christian has been unanimously elected president of the Windsor and Eton Royal Infirmary, the office having been in abeyance since the time of the Prince Consort.

The Duchess of Albany on July 5 laid the foundation-stone of the new school buildings to be erected in connection with the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield.

On July 20 Mr. Clement Scott celebrates his "silver wedding" with the dramatic department of journalism, having been continuously employed as a reviewer of plays and a writer on dramatic subjects for twenty-five years, the last sixteen of which have been spent in the service of the *Daily Telegraph*. In order to commemorate this event, he was on July 5 privately entertained at the Arts Club by the representative managers of the London theatres. Mr. J. L. Toole was in the chair, as the senior London actor identified with the career of the guest; and he was supported by Messrs. Henry Irving, Augustus Harris, Wilson Barrett, Thomas Thorne, Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, John Hare, Edward Terry, Charles Hawtrey, Agostino and Stefano Gatti, and R. D'Oyly Carte.



THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA IN 1588.

BY CHARLES N. ROBINSON.



mere notion of such a calamity overtaking us difficult indeed for the present generation of Englishmen to realise. Far otherwise was it with their ancestors towards the end of the sixteenth century. Our countrymen of that great epoch in Britain's history which is marked by the sovereignty of Elizabeth Tudor, although they had not actually experienced the iron grasp of an enemy, had yet but a short while been emancipated from a thraldom and tyranny not the less galling that it was mainly of home manufacture. Proud and jealous of their new-found civil and religious liberties, prouder still of their growing strength upon land and sea, and not unmindful of the destiny which seemed in store for their descendants, the people of that period had around them ample evidence of the facility with which nations, stronger, more numerous, and, apparently, enjoying far greater security than themselves, could pass under the yoke of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. So when, at length, they knew that the vast strength and resources of the most powerful and the richest Monarch in Europe, supported, too, by the promises, the blessings, and the far-reaching

machinery of the Pontiff of Rome, were about to be exerted to crush their country, they must have been less than Englishmen had they not sunk their discords and differences and stood forth as one man against the common enemy. How they equipped themselves to resist the danger, how they combated the forces sent against them, and how, under Providence, they saved this land, and, indirectly, all Northern Europe, from bondage, preserved their faith and liberties, both spiritual and temporal, and handed down, untaught and unsullied, the honour and prestige of the nation, forms a story the recital of which cannot fail to stir even the coldest and most apathetic amongst us. To the happy termination of this momentous crisis in our history, the Commercial and Colonial Empire of which we are so justly proud mainly owes its being. And surely the wise statesmanship, glorious patriotism, indomitable valour, and stubborn courage of our forefathers are well worthy of grateful and reverent commemoration on this the 300th anniversary of the memorable events which called them forth.

With the causes which led to the setting forth of Spain's hostile demonstration, it is not our intention to deal at length. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that religious animosities or sectarian motives were chiefly, or even directly, connected with its inception. No stronger grounds for an appeal to arms could have been needed than the recognition and support given by Elizabeth to the deeds of Hawkins, Drake, and other seamen, who, from the Spanish point of view, were pirates and smugglers, fit only for the hands of the hangman or the inquisitor. The conquest of England was considered a just and desirable enterprise—and copious testimony exists that long prior to the actual attempt preparations were being made to assail and overwhelm the island and "its brood of vipers."

The Spanish preparations were most complete. The total number of craft of all kinds composing the Armada was, probably, 130; but a few of these never crossed the Bay. At least sixty were galleons of huge size and strength, ranging

from 700 up to 1250 tons burden. They were not, however, primarily built for war-purposes, and the proportion of guns they carried was, as compared with their size, not large. But being intended for long voyages, their upper works were high out of the water, and their main timbers 3 ft. or 4 ft. thick. One hundred years before, the Portuguese galleons under Diaz had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, with the conquest of Portugal, some of the finest ships in the world passed into the Spanish King's hands. It was the Portuguese galleons that formed the van-squadron of the Armada; the largest of them mounting, perhaps, fifty guns, and many of these of small calibre. In the case of the hired ships, except the heaviest Levantine galleons, the proportion of guns to tonnage was still smaller. Usually sailing in smooth water they did not carry numerous crews, but now they were crammed with soldiers to an inconvenient degree. Of the second class of ships, called galliasses, there were four in the fleet. These were proper war-ships, and certainly did their share of the fighting. Like the galleons, they were three-masted vessels, but were also propelled by oars, to pull which they carried a large number of galley-slaves. Their bows and sterns were furnished with heavy cannon in high castles, and they carried smaller cannon on the broadside, in ports between the rowers. The two larger each carried nearly 300 soldiers, and over 100 sailors, with 350 slaves to row. There were also galleys with one or more tiers of oars a-side, many merchant and store-ships, caravels, and ureas.

The personnel of this flotilla consisted of over 30,000 persons, including 18,000 soldiers, 8000 sailors, 2000 galley-slaves, and a numerous hospital staff, assisted by 180 priests of various Orders. The armament was of 2000 guns; a few may have been 64 or 32 pounders (cannon or demi-cannon), but by far the greater number were 10, 6, or 4 pounders (demi-culverins, sakers, and minions). The whole force was victualled for six months, a large sum of money was taken in the fleet, and the orders for preserving discipline were



PHILIP II., KING OF SPAIN.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM ON BOARD THE ARK ROYAL, ENGAGING THE SHIP OF DON ALONZO DA LEYVA.



"A TALL SPANIARD."

unusually strict. In the vicinity of Nieuport and Dunkirk, Farnese, the Prince of Parma, had assembled an army of 30,000 foot and 4000 horse, picked troops, ready to be embarked in scores of flat-bottomed boats and transports, and conveyed across to Margate and Deal so soon as the English and Dutch ships should have been swept from the narrow seas before the imposing array of the "Invincible" Armada.

Of the officers in charge of these vast and apparently overwhelming expeditions, Santa Cruz had seen more service than any naval commander out of England; while Parma was reckoned the first military leader of the time. But Parma never set foot on English soil and Santa Cruz died in February, before the Armada was quite prepared for starting; the Duke of Medina Sidonia, his successor, had little to recommend him for the post, save blue blood and personal courage. He had, however, some exceptionally able seamen and commanders as his advisers. Don Juan Martinez De Recalde, Vice-Admiral and Capitan of the Biscayan Armada, was both, and proved it during the whole of the unlucky cruise. He was fortunate, like his chief, in being able to return; but he died shortly after he landed. Don Diego Flores De Valdes, General of the Fleet of Castile, had already served with distinction afloat. He it was who recommended the burning of the English fleet at Plymouth; and he it was, also, who lost heart altogether after the great fight off Gravelines. Don Pedro De Valdes, Admiral of the Andalusian Armada, had commanded a fleet in northern waters, and it was hoped that his local knowledge would prove valuable; but his ship, *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* (commonly called the Capitana), was the first to be captured and himself taken prisoner. Other commanders of whose exploits we hear are Don Miguel De Oquendo, a dashing and chivalrous officer, in opposition to whose advice the retreat by the North Sea was made; Don Martin De Bertendona, whose flag-ship, the *Ragazona*, was always in the thickest of the fighting (he commanded the squadron of hired galleons, among them some of the finest ships in the Armada); and Don Hugo De Moncada, who had charge of the four galliasses, and who lost his life when his ship was taken off Calais. In command of the land-forces embarked was Don Alonzo Da Leyva, flying his standard in the *Rata Coronada*, a veteran General who as a youth had crossed sabres with the Moors, and had since seen service in many a land and sea battle. To his charge, we are told, were committed most of the high-born youth of Spain who sailed in the expedition. This gallant old soldier, after being thrice wrecked, was eventually drowned, with most of his companions, on the coast of Ireland.

In England a commission had been convened of noblemen and gentlemen, as well as the most experienced naval and military officers, "to sett doun such meanes as are fittest to putt the forces of the Realme in order to withstand any Invasion." It is worthy of note that, in the opinion of the experts of those days, the only sure means of preventing invasion was in the maintenance of an invincible navy. At the same time precautions were to be taken on shore, in case the enemy should land at Milford, Plymouth, Portland, the Wight, Portsmouth, the Thames, or Harwich. Militia and volunteers in great numbers were embodied, and commenced training in the use of arms; camps were laid out and fortified; while on every high place beacons and bonfires were prepared for lighting to give information of the advent of the foe and summon the defenders of the State. These preparations were confined to no single part of the country or to any particular class or creed. Many places, like the City of London, came forward to do their duty by assisting, not only with land but with sea forces—raising loans, finding ships and men, victualling and arming them. Everywhere there was but one desire apparent; and Protestants and Catholics, the classes and the masses, vied with each other in displaying one mind—to take up arms and, if need be, to lay down their lives in the defence of their rights and privileges against the threatened tyranny of Spanish rule.

To give them their due, there were many among the gallant seamen and soldiers of the time who neither feared nor underestimated the Spanish power. While the patriotic spirit which was aroused is well exemplified by the conduct of the pirate who is said to have walked into the hands of justice that he might give timely notice of the coming of the hostile fleet, at the same time the remark, which Sir Francis Drake is reported to have made when interrupted in his game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, "There's time to win the game and thrash the Spaniards too," is an instance of the contemptuous feeling in which the invaders were held by those best acquainted with them. The bold merchant adventurers, buccaneers, or smugglers—call them what you will—who had fought and thrashed the Don afloat and ashore—not without getting hard knocks in return—saw in the huge armament then entering English waters, if not fresh opportunities for plunder and prize-money, at least a great chance to pay off old scores. They reckoned the slow, ponderous, badly-armed and overcrowded galleons at their real value, and never doubted for an instant the outcome of the maritime fray, so long as they could get a sufficient supply of stores and ammunition from the authorities.

The total number of ships in the Navie Royal was thirty, big and little—the four largest being the *Triumph*, *Elizabeth*, *White Bear*, and *Victory*, all built from the designs of Sir

John Hawkins, Treasurer of the Navy—seaman, shipbuilder, and navigator. A man, indeed, to whose fertility of resource and skill, as much as to the capacity of any other man of the time, must be attributed the victory which followed. Then, as for long afterward, there was no peace south of the Line, and every merchantman was forced to go about its business armed, while it was customary to call upon the seaports for their ships in war-time. So the numbers of the fleet were soon increased. Altogether, the English fleet consisted of 197 vessels, many of which were mere pinnaces and coasting craft. The force embarked was about 15,000 men; but the proportion of seamen to soldiers in each ship was much greater than in the invading force. Holland also sent a contingent of ships, under Justin of Nassau. These Dutch ships do not appear to have met with the vessels of the Armada, but they effectually did their work on the Netherland coast.

The English flag-ship was the *Ark Royal*, a vessel of 800-ton burden, carrying 423 men and an armament of which the following summary is probably correct:—4 cannon (60-pounders), 4 demi-cannon (32-pounders), 12 culverins (18-pounders), 6 sakers (6-pounders), and some smaller ordnance. These last-named were styled port-pieces and fowler-halls, small guns made in two parts, the chambers being ready-charged, and placed in the piece when needed. The largest guns were usually mounted as chase-pieces, in the stern; demi-cannon and culverins in the broadside ports, which were frequently circular in shape. Sakers, minions (4-pounders), or falcons (2-pounders) were mounted on the quarter and forecastles, on blocks of wood or as swivelpieces; while the smallest ordnance, sometimes called "murdering pieces," were placed on barricades inboard for use against boarders. From the tops also were used "fyreworks," of which the Spaniards were reported to stand in great dread.

The ships were gaily ornamented with carvings on their woodwork, their sternposts and figureheads being often works of art, beautifully carved, moulded, painted, and gilded. Then, too, there were the great poop lanterns, and from every conceivable point aloft hung the banners and "ancients" of the leaders and the national emblems. The length of these banners and pennons may be judged by that one which, in memory of this very event, was "set up in the great church of Leyden in Holland, and being fastened to the very roof, it reached down to the ground." Some curious information about the cost of these flags is extant—as, for example, we read that Henry Holesworth, of London, May 21, 1588, supplied fourteen flags of St. George of "fine beaupres" for the use of her Majesty's ships and pinnaces at Chatham, one at £4, eleven at £3, and two at 20s. the flag. John Heath, of London, also supplied two ensigns of silk, one for H.M.S. *Rainbow* at £5 6s. 8d., and another for the galley *Bonavolia* at £8 6s. 8d. William Byford, of London, also provided forty-six streamers or pennants for the use of the *Ark Royal*, the *Victory*, the *Mary Rose*, and the *Swallow* at 20 pence apiece. Again, Lewis Lidyard, of London, had for 102 yards of calico, used for making two flags, stained in colours with her Majesty's arms, "to be worn at sea in the ship the Lord Admiral sailed in," at 9d. every yard, £3 16s. 6d.; and moreover for staining the said flags and bringing them from London to Queenborough, by Chatham, £6 16s. 8d.; total, £11 2s. 2d. The manning of the ships, whether of the navy or of hired or volunteer merchantmen, was most imperfect; pay was generally in arrears; and, sanitary arrangements being totally wanting, disease and sickness were rife.

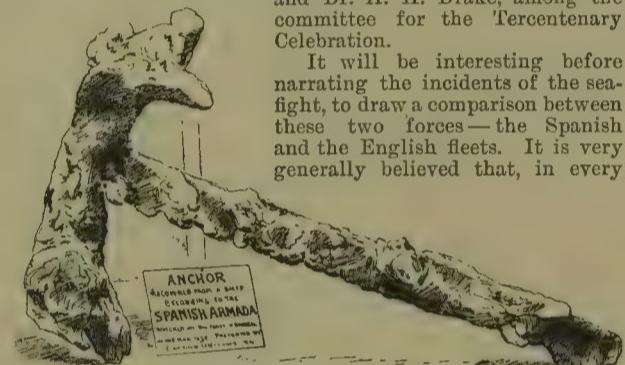
The most illustrious and notable of the English sea-officers was Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord Admiral, as his father had been before him, a man of considerable experience at sea at the time of the threatened invasion. To his caution, coolness, judgment, and, in particular, his ability as a naval tactician, the victory in 1588 was in no small degree due. To understand the difficulties with which he had to contend, his correspondence must be read. The constant burden of it is, that while he had the ships and the men—the latter as good as any in the world, and ready to spend their lives in her Majesty's service—money, stores, ammunition, and provisions were all lacking. And so it went on to the end of the campaign. So far as concerned a constant attention to the details of his office, a zealous care for his men, and a courteous consideration for the advice of his counsellors (some of whom were more noted for temper than tact), the Admiral did wisely; and when the moment arrived to try conclusions with the enemy, he proved himself amply endowed with true courage and valour. The four men whom Lord Howard chose as his advisers, and of whom he writes—"the worlde dothe judge to be men of the greatest experience that the realme hathe," were Sir Francis Drake, Captains John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, and Thomas Fenner. Of these four, Sir Francis Drake has by some writers been made the central figure of the defeat of the Armada. His chief exploit was the taking of Our Lady of the Rosary, the Capitana of Pedro de Valdes. Drake's conduct on the Hoe at Plymouth, if the story is

true, was hardly that of a zealous subordinate, wishful to give a good example to the men under him. Disobedience is generally charged to him also in the matter of carrying a light on the night of the fight off the Start. His conduct in the action off Gravelines was that of an impetuous, brave, and daring officer, and he was indisputably a capital seaman and an intrepid commander; but he appears, possibly from old associations, to have allowed his lust for dollars to detract from the duty he owed to his chief and his country. Captain John Hawkins came of a seafaring family. He was a Devonshire man, while Drake, also, was a native of Tavistock, and Frobisher hailed from the county of York; but all sections of the country may fairly claim to be represented among the commanders on this eventful occasion. Hawkins's father was a famous shipbuilder of Plymouth, and well known as an expert navigator in the time of Henry VIII. Hawkins's son, too, Richard, who commanded the *Swallow* against the Armada, was noted as an able seaman; and, in his "Observations," has given us a most valuable record of the manners and customs of the Elizabethan sailors. Under Captain John Hawkins, Drake was trained; and many of the best sailors and navigators of the time had been in the forecastle or officers with him.

Among the first and foremost of the distinguished seamen of his day was Martin Frobisher. His indomitable bravery and bulldog courage in the fight off Portland was rightly recognised by the honour of knighthood conferred on the following day. Frobisher's true claims to the gratitude of all Englishmen have lately received attention at the hands of the Rev. Frank Jones, whose valuable and interesting account of the life of this gallant seaman and discoverer deserves to be widely known and read. Of the brothers Fenner, Thomas, Edward, and William, who, respectively, commanded the *Nonpareil*, *Swiftsure*, and *Aid*, little has been written and but little appears to be known. All these brothers did good and gallant work; and Thomas appears, from a letter of his which still exists, to have chased the flying Spaniards farther north than most of his brother commanders.

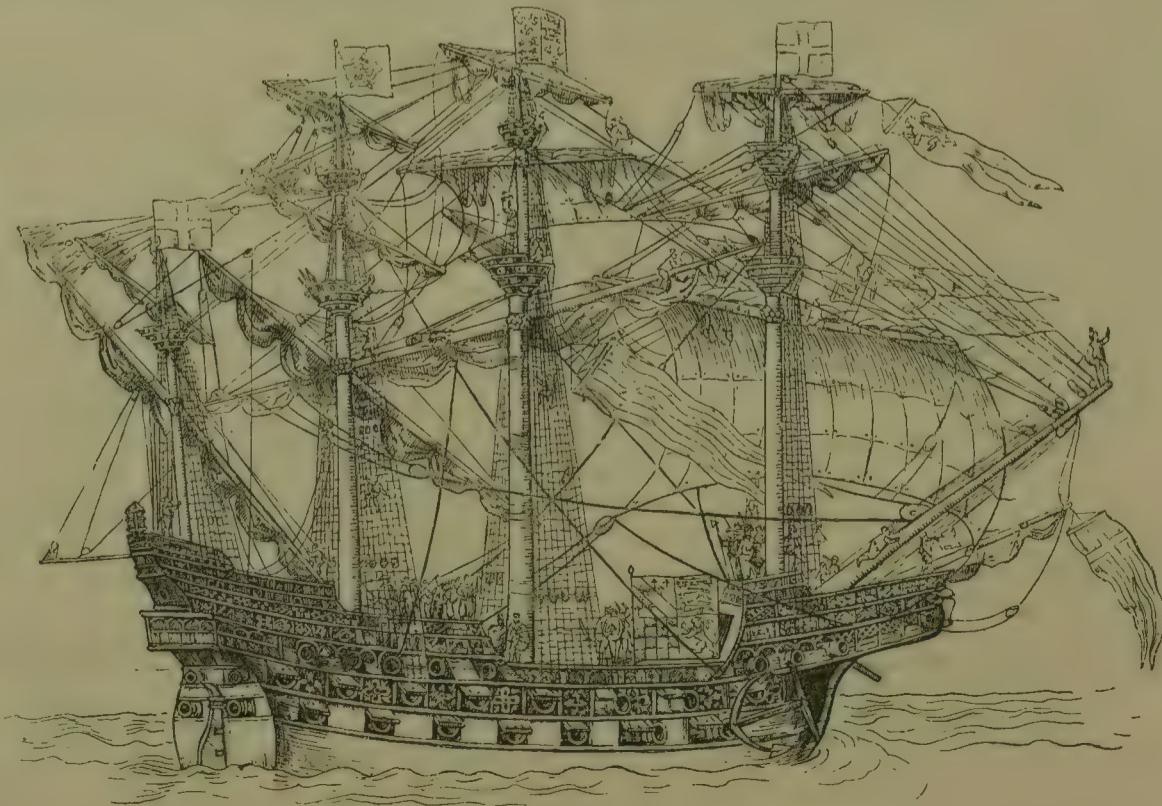
Lord Henry Seymour carried out his work with praiseworthy assiduity: particularly gallantly did he fight on the day of the battle off Gravelines. Sir W. Wynter, his Vice-Admiral, an old and able officer, did excellent work the same day. He was Master of the Ordnance, and, nearly thirty years before, had seen service in command of a squadron against the French in the Firth of Forth. He came of an old and distinguished Gloucestershire family; and Captain Wintour, of Ryde—the proper spelling of the family name—is associated with Major Martin Frobisher. Mr. Stuart Hawkins, and Dr. H. H. Drake, among the committee for the Tercentenary Celebration.

It will be interesting before narrating the incidents of the sea-fight, to draw a comparison between these two forces—the Spanish and the English fleets. It is very generally believed that, in every



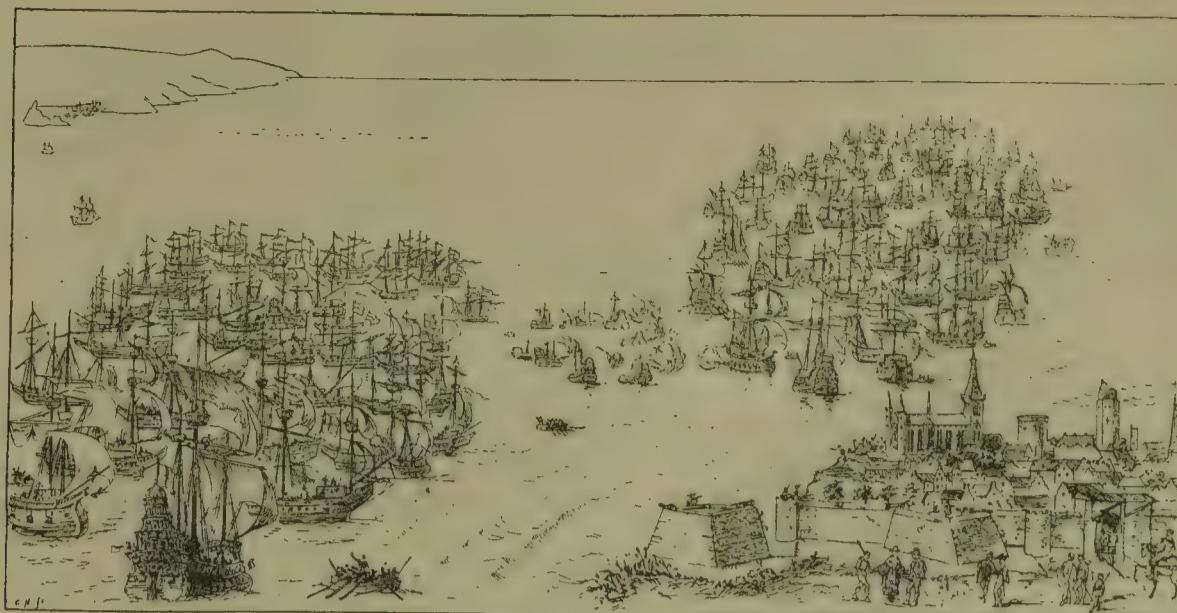
OLD ANCHOR IN WHITEHALL YARD, BELONGING TO A SHIP OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

respect, the Spaniards were superior; but this is now known to be an erroneous idea altogether. In numbers, owing to the division of the English squadrons, the Armada was superior; and, coming down to the distinctly fighting-ships, the totals, as given by Professor Laughton, were of Spaniards, 62; of English, 49. But in manœuvring power, and in weight of metal, the advantage is shown to have been quite the other way. Charnock lays great stress on the superior handiness and speed of the English ships, and Laughton, who has probably given more study to the subject than anyone else, appears to have conclusively proved that in the matter of armament the Spaniards were also overmatched. Nor were these the only advantages possessed by the English, which, while they do not detract from the remarkable prowess and skill of the English commanders, bear out the naval historian's contention that no miracle or special intervention of Providence was required to insure victory to the English arms. Our seamen were the most skilful and dexterous in the world. They were rough-weather men, used to hard ships, and living great part of their time with



THE ARK ROYAL, THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE ENGLISH FLEET.

From a Print in the British Museum.



THE SPANIARDS DISLODGED BY THE ENGLISH FIRE-SHIPS.

From Pine's Plates of Old Tapestry Hangings in the House of Lords.

their lives in their hands. They knew their officers and were known to them. Each was proud of the other, and a comradeship existed between the quarter-deck and the forecastle, entirely unknown in the Spanish service. Then they not only knew their officers, but they knew their ships, and how to handle them in all weathers and under most circumstances. As Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir William Monson tell us, they had introduced many improvements in rig, which the Spaniards, who were principally "trade wind" sailors, had no knowledge of. The science of gunnery at this time was almost unknown, and archery formed a branch of it; but the Englishmen had made it a study, while the Spaniards despised it, regarding the sword as the more noble weapon. To this feeling and to the number of soldiers carried in the huge castles of their galleons may be ascribed their constant attempts to board. Altogether we shall not be going beyond the mark in saying that, so far as the seaman's skill and the gunner's art are concerned, the Spaniards were utterly and entirely beneath comparison. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that during the first week's fighting, the numerical superiority of the Spanish to their assailants was something like six to one.

May 29-30, 1588, "La Felicissima Armada" sailed from the Tagus. With great pomp and circumstance the mighty fleet left, in charge of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and could it have then and there proceeded direct to these shores history might have had a different tale to relate. But, in those days, sailors had to reckon with the wind and the weather, and these proved so tempestuous that the squadrons of galleons and store-ships soon separated, and it became impossible to proceed. Some were dismasted, one or two totally lost in the Bay, and though a few of the ships are said to have gone on and sighted the Scillies, all of them had eventually to put back and seek shelter in the Groyne. The damage done, the time lost in getting the ships together again and revictualling them, with other matters, were made reasons by a council of war at Corunna for urging a postponement of the expedition. Philip, however, was inexorable, and ordered immediate departure. And now a story reached Sidonia to the effect that Howard had laid up his ships for the season; it was, therefore, determined to stand boldly for Plymouth, and, if possible, surprise and burn the English fleet, and perhaps effect a landing.

July 12-22, a Friday, the Armada sailed with a fair breeze from Corunna. After a nasty passage, baffled by contrary winds and calms, and scarcely propitious of success, on Friday, July 19-29, they entered the Channel and sighted the Lizard, which they took to be Rame Head; so they stood off for the night. They had, however, been seen by Flemming and other scouts of Howard's, and the news was brought, as the story goes, to the Captains while they were playing at bowls on the Hoe. It is this scene which Lucas has depicted in oils and Kingsley has described in "Westward Ho!" The latter narrative, imitable as it is, tempts us to believe that matters may have fallen out as he sets them forth; but it seems more likely that the story had its origin in a desire on the part of some contemporary writer to emphasise figuratively the unreadiness of the English when the Spaniards made their appearance. Stirring as that moment must have been to the inhabitants of Plymouth, the excitement with which the news was received throughout the length and breadth of England was even greater. From Land's-End to Cumberland, the beacon fires blazed from hill-top and castle-battlements, the general call to arms sounded, and the troops marched to their allotted stations for the defence of the coast. "Myselfe can remember," writes an eye-witness, "when upon the fyreing of the beacons (whereby an alarum was given), the country-people forthwith ranne downe to the seaside, some with clubs, some with picked stones and pitchforks, all unarmed, and they that were best appoynted were but with a bill, a bow and a sheafe of arrows; no captains or commander appoynted to direct, lead, or order them." The greatest enthusiasm was aroused, and everyone hurried to take his part in the defence of the country. Short work, probably, the veterans of Parma and Leyva would have made of these unarmed, undisciplined mobs; but their ardour was indubitable, and the feeling of the countryside has been eloquently expressed by Macaulay—

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea.
Such night had England ne'er had, nor ever again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lyme to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire.

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
In the Cattewater, then the principal harbour of Plymouth port, the excitement and agitation all through that night was feverish indeed. The ships had to be warped out and got over to the sheltered anchorages under Mount Edgecombe, ready to sail at daylight. Cawsand Bay was protected from the prevailing wind, and in this bight many of the vessels lay all night. These, however, were but a small proportion, for several of the galleons had been partially dismantled for refitting, stores were ashore, and men on liberty. So, amid much bustle and noise, the ships were got to sea, some of them considerably undermanned, for the sickness was terrible among the crews.

On Saturday morning Howard, having with him as many ships as were ready, stood away to the westward, hugging the coast, and found the enemy off Fowey, standing up Channel

with a fair wind from the southward and westward. We may suppose that the Dons were somewhat disconcerted to find that they had been unable to take the English fleet at a disadvantage, which if they had only stood straight on the night before they certainly would have done. As it was, Medina Sidonia, in the drizzling rain which fell throughout the day, sent a boat towards the land to make inquiries, and from some captured fishermen learnt his position, and that the ships he saw looming in the mist were part of the English fleet under the Lord Admiral. Meanwhile, Howard, seeing that the Spaniards were rapidly conceding to him that which he so ardently desired—the weather-gauge—troubled not to interfere; but, keeping a wide berth, hugged the land and watched the enemy.

Sunday, July 21, was a typical English summer's day. The sun shone out, lighting up all the glory and the gilding of the castellated structures which came on slowly over the waves, brightening up the emblazonments of their sails, and making a big display of their many-coloured flags and pennons. It was an imposing spectacle, and, at this moment, many of the Spaniards might have thought themselves invincible; before evening they were to be further enlightened. At early morning the wind drew round to the W.N.W., a still more favourable quarter for the defending fleet, and Howard now opened the ball with a warning shot from one of his pinnaces to demand the honour due to the English flag. Naturally Sidonia paid no attention to this, and it was immediately followed by a general cannonade discharged by our fleet as they formed in line of battle. With their starboard tacks aboard they stood past the Spanish line, each ship pouring in a broadside as it neared an enemy. In the light breeze prevailing the English vessels probably went two knots to the Spaniard's one, and having given the van ships a taste of their metal, concentrated their efforts on the rear division, under Juan Martinez de Recalde. The sight of the "Invincible" Armada had not had that terrible effect which its godfathers promised themselves. The light and nimble English ships sailed to and fro, pouring in their shot with good effect, while the unwieldy galleons of the Armada hauled up to deliver their fire or ran before the wind, if such an operation can be called running which was of necessity very slow. Off Plymouth, where most of the vessels left behind now joined the Lord Admiral, several very smart actions occurred.

Howard, in the Ark Royal, gallantly bore down on the Rata, a vessel of nearly a thousand tons, flying the banner of Alonzo Da Leyva, which the Admiral probably mistook for Sidonia's. Personally directing the operation from his quarter-deck, Howard took his flag-ship into action. Sheering almost alongside of the mighty galleon, the English gunners poured a hailstorm of cannon-balls on the decks of the enemy, dealing havoc in the crowded ranks of the Spanish soldiers. Then, springing his luff, the Admiral stood under the stern of his antagonist, raking him fore and aft, fetching the gilding off his quarter badges and sending his spars rattling about his ears. The *jeunesse* of Spain's bluest blood had thus an early opportunity of receiving their baptism of fire, and remarkably hot they found it. The flag-ship of De Valdes and the Capitana of the Biscayan squadron were in their turn attacked by the Triumph and the Victory, and the superior gunnery of the English told at once. De Recalde had shortened sail to await the English attack; he got terribly mauled, every English shot telling in his hull or rigging, whilst those from the Spaniards either flew high or wide of their mark. But the Dons were not given to leaving a commander in the lurch, and to his help came the ship of his vice-admiral, the San Mateo of Don Diego of Pimental, and the San Juan of the division of San Flores, commanded by Don Diego Enriquez, a son of the Viceroy of the Indies. Now, too, Sidonia furled his sails and lay a-hull, to induce the English to close, and Lord Howard, who intended nothing of the kind, summoned his ships together that he might hold a council of war.

It was arranged at this council that Drake, in the Revenge, should act as the leader of the English van-squadron during the night, keeping touch with the rearguard of the Spaniards, while the main body, under Howard, should follow

his lantern, and Captain Hawkins bring up the rear. Drake, however, either omitted to hang out his light, or, as appears more probable, seeing a chance for prize-money in what he supposed to be a few stragglers from the enemy drifting towards the French coast, "doused his glim" and stood after the possible plunder. The result of this dereliction of duty—which Drake seems to have been quite capable of conceiving and carrying out—was very nearly disastrous. The English ships stood on after the only light they saw, and, hugging it, found when day broke that the lantern was that of the San Martino, and not in the Revenge at all. Some of them were perilously near the Spanish fleet. The Ark Royal, the Bear, and the Rose were within culverin-shot of the enemy, while many of their consorts were hull down astern. The Spaniards, however, had not the promptitude to take advantage of the mistake thus made; and Howard, seeing the situation, hung out a signal to rejoin the flag, and, meantime, shortened sail to allow his scattered ships to close up.

The Dons had not passed an altogether happy Sunday night. During the fight, the Santa Catalina had been almost disabled, and towards evening she fell foul of the flag-ship of her division, Nuestra Señora del Rosario, and smashed the bowsprit of this vessel. Then, when a little later, Sidonia made sail, and ordered the fleet to tack, the Nuestra Señora's foremast went over the side, bringing down the mainyard with it and completely incapacitating her. Several attempts were made to take her in tow, but the wind and sea were too boisterous, and ultimately Sidonia found that he must leave her behind, with another disabled galleon, and several of the tenders or "pataches" under Don Agustin de Ojeda, to render such assistance as they were able. The other disabled ship was Oquendo's flag-ship, which had been partially blown up by an explosion of her powder magazine. The upper deck and stern-castle went overboard, and many of her crew perished. Hawkins put a prize crew on board, and this vessel was sent into Weymouth; curiously enough, in charge of the very Captain Flemming who some writers would have us believe was a pirate.

One of the first affairs on Monday morning was an engagement between the disabled Nuestra Señora del Rosario (or, as she is more generally called, the Capitana) and the Ark Royal; but Howard, after pouring in a broadside and driving off Don Ojeda and his pataches, passed on, seeking more worthy prey than a crippled ship. Frobisher, in the Triumph, next tackled her, and some merchant-ships, amongst them the Margaret and John of London; but Frobisher passed by, in accordance with the flag-ship's signal, and there was too much fight left in the wounded Don for the merchantmen to take her by themselves. About this time Drake came along, disgusted, we may conclude, with the result of his night's work; for his supposed prey had turned out to be Flemish merchant-ships, who had got among the Spaniards by mistake. The disabled galleon was too tempting a prize for the buccaneer leanings of the circumnavigator, and learning who his new assailant was, the Don quickly capitulated, and Our Lady of the Rosary was sent into Torbay. Treasure to the amount of 53,000 ducats, and a great quantity of gunpowder, were found in her; the latter was transhipped to the Roebuck, which had towed the prize into port, and dispatched for the use of the fleet. As for Pedro De Valdes, Drake took him on board the Revenge, perhaps thinking that the Don's ransom would help to line his pockets.

In consequence of the separation of the ships during the night by the Vice-Admiral's act, Monday was mainly spent by Howard in collecting his squadron and rearranging plans. Sidonia's feelings at this time must have been somewhat less hopeful: the fight of Sunday had been little more than a skirmish, yet two of his flag-ships were in the hands of the despised English, while considerable damage had been done to other of his vessels, and many dollars transferred from one side to the other. Recalde's flag-ship was no longer fit to act as chief of the rearguard, and Da Leyva, in the Rata, was now detailed for the duty with two divisions instead of one, including the galliasses, and, amongst the galleons, the San Mateo, the San Luis, the Santiago, and the Florence—all commanded by brave officers of the Admiral's own squadron.

Tuesday morning, off Portland Bill, the wind had got round to the north and north-east, giving Sidonia the weather-gauge, and an opportunity of offering or refusing battle, as he pleased. Some of the leeward ships of the English were offering what he considered a good opportunity for carrying out his tactics of boarding: he dispatched the rearguard, and especially

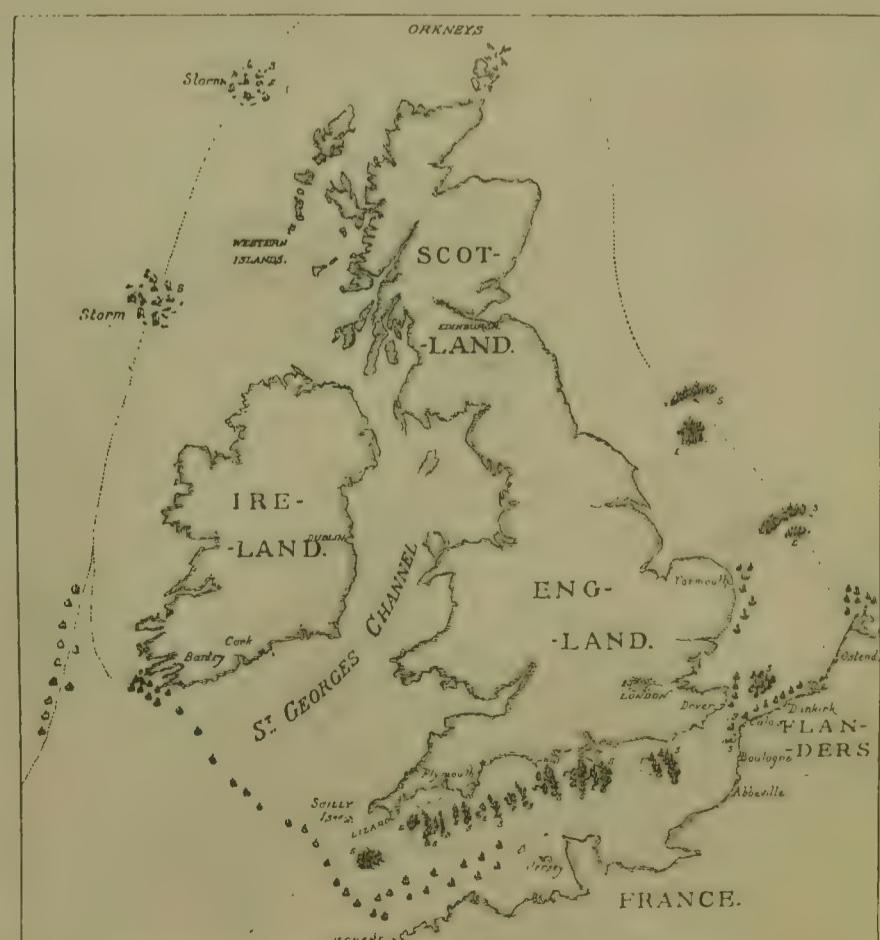


CHART SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE ARMADA, AND THE SEVERAL PLACES OF ACTION BETWEEN THE TWO FLEETS.

From Pine's Plates of Old Tapestry in the House of Lords.

TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



THE ARMADA COMING UP THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



THE ALARM: LIGHTING THE BEACONS.

TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM, ADMIRAL OF THE ENGLISH FLEET.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

the galliasses, to attack them. The English ships were those of Frobisher, Lord Thomas Howard, and others of the van. A smart assault was made upon them, the Spaniards using their oars in an endeavour to get near enough to board. But the seamanship and gunnery of the men in the Triumph and the Lyon was too good; they manoeuvred their ships with wonderful smartness, and poured in their fire with such capital direction as to sweep the galley-slaves from their benches and so prevent the galliasses attaining their object. Had it not been for the handiness of the English craft, the Dons would undoubtedly have succeeded in their purpose. On both sides great valour was exhibited; but the Spanish firing was slow, their aim bad, and their small guns and light arms did nothing like the damage of the heavier English cannon.

The wind veering round to the southward, Sidonia himself was able to take part in the fight, and more English ships joined in the combat. Round the big Triumph the battle waged with varying success all the day, as the Spaniards, who imagined they were going to make a prisoner of the

gallant Arctic explorer, found they had caught a Tartar instead. Frobisher was, indeed, the hero of this day's fight. Then, when Sidonia had called on his reserves, but without altering the aspect of the fight—and the wind now made it a necessity for him to continue his course up Channel—the merchantmen, the London ships, the privateers and smugglers came out of every port in every sort of craft that would take the sea and carry a weapon; and from every nook and harbour the seafaring population gathered to prey on the discomfited foe. Truly, as Howard said, he was plucking their feathers one by one!

Wednesday it was calm; both fleets drifting up Channel about six miles apart, the Spaniards careening their ships to stop the shot-holes; and Howard sending urgent requisitions to the shore for more powder and projectiles.

When day dawned on Thursday, it was still almost calm, with light cat-spaws stealing over the surface of the water from the direction of the Isle of Wight. Two of the Spanish galleons were astern of the main squadron. These were the Santa

Anna, a store-ship, and a Portuguese galleon. Hawkins boldly attempted to cut them off, and, after some fighting, seems to have forced them to strike; but Da Leyva and Don Enriquez coming with the galliasses to their assistance, the Devonshire man was himself hard pressed. The Santa Anna, however, was so badly damaged that, as soon as she got out of the mêlée, her captain, Juan Saurez, took her over to the French coast, and there ran her ashore. The Ark and Lyon now towed down to the scene of action, and seeing that Sidonia's ship was somewhat separated from the rest, Howard, supported by Southwell, Sheffield, and others, made an attack upon her. The battle waxed hot, and the galleons and galliasses were fain to come to the rescue of their chief, when, as usual, the English played their tactics of drawing off and hammering at a distance. The Ark, however, appears to have been somewhat damaged in collision with a galleon which unshipped her rudder; anyway, she became separated from her friends, and, says a Spanish spectator, "our flag-ship made for her, with most of the ships of the Armada. The enemy's fleet stood to windward,



THE LORD ADMIRAL KNIGHTING THE VICTORIOUS CAPTAINS ON BOARD THE ARK ROYAL

TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

leaving their flag-ship astern, and in such danger that she was towed by eleven launches, striking her standard and firing guns as signals for assistance. Our flag-ship and the other ships were closing her so fast, that the rest of the enemy's fleet began to make a show of coming to her support, and we made certain of being this day able to board them, which was the only means of obtaining any decisive advantage. At this moment the wind freshened in her favour, which increased her distance from us, and she cast off the launches that were towing her; now, too, their fleet, which was falling to leeward of the Armada, recovered its position to windward." And so all day, from dusk till dark, the fighting went on, the English, with the dogged pertinacity of their race, towing their vessels into action, and, one after another, from the big Triumph down to the tiny Pippin, hammering away at the hated foe.

Friday, a lovely calm summer morning, Portsmouth in sight, and the fleets drifting along within view of each other. But while on board the one despondency and foreboding were making rapid headway; on the other, hopes ran high, and there was no longer a doubt as to the upshot of the

adventure. Many of the young Spanish noblemen, having had enough of it—and perhaps luckily for themselves as it turned out—left the fleet; the disillusionment of the invaders had speedily arrived. The Duke was dispatching messages to the Prince of Parma, asking him to send him at least forty small ships to cope with the swift-sailing craft of the English, "the heaviness of our ships and the lightness of theirs rendering it impossible to bring them to close action."

Ever since daylight preparations had been in progress on board the Ark for a grand entertainment. Many of the great English nobles joined the fleet this morning, and the highest reward in his possession was to be conferred by the Lord Admiral upon those officers who had so well seconded him during the past week. Friday might be fast-day for the Dons, the English would make it a feast. Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, and Roger Townsend, with John Hawkins and Martin Frobisher, were to receive the honour of knighthood for their gallant behaviour and glorious deeds of bravery. Knighthood was a dignity only given in those days for distinguished service to the State, and was as much sought after

by nobles as commoners. Never had the dignity been better earned than by its recipients on this occasion. It was decided not to fight again until the enemy had got into the Straits of Dover, but to wait for further supplies of powder and shot and the reinforcement of the squadron under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Wynter, and then "to make an end of it." To those who have read thus far of the doings of the English seamen, it must have become plainly apparent that it would be quite as absurd to ascribe the victory at Trafalgar to the weather as those which were won by the naval heroes of 1588. The fights which took place subsequently will only serve to strengthen this view.

Saturday was another fine day, with light airs, and at about five p.m. the Armada anchored in Calais Roads. The same evening Howard brought his ships to an anchor in the Downs and welcomed Seymour and Wynter with the "Squadron of the Narrow Seas." By this, the English fighting strength was brought up to close on fifty heavy ships, while the demoralised Spaniards could scarcely muster ten more at the most. Sidonia and Parma, too, had at last got into



RETREAT OF THE ARMADA.

correspondence, for a messenger came from the latter to say he was glad the Armada had at length arrived, but he did not hold out any prospect of being able to do much himself. Nor is it easy to see how he could while the English held command of the sea, and there were yet no signs of their having lost it. As it is now, so it was then; the invasion of the country, thanks to the silver streak, is an impossibility so long as England maintains a sufficient force in the Channel to beat the enemy.

In the English fleet on Sunday morning, at the council of war, it was decided to employ fire-ships for the enemy's discomfiture. So the barque Talbot and others were filled with combustibles, and made ready for the business. We may picture to some extent the situation from the accounts of the spectators. A dark and gloomy night, with the tide running up Channel; despair already the prevailing feeling in the Spanish fleet; most of the soldiers tired out with the fighting of the previous week; the mariners, whose proportions were less and whose business exposed them more, nearly all killed or wounded; those who were well trying to get a good night's rest while at anchor, to prepare themselves for the arduous work they knew lay before them. Suddenly the alarm was given, and, as they ran on deck and gazed out over the bulwarks towards the foe, there, coming down on the wind, were the flaming ships, with helms lashed, trains fired, tongues of fire darting from the rigging and flaring away from sail and spar, every now and again explosions taking

place; the prospect to the Spanish soldiers must have been terrible. It is not to be wondered at that confusion and panic reigned in the disheartened squadrons. Some of the ships were burnt, some came into collision, smashing spars and bulwarks; others drifted down towards the shoals of Dunkirk, and the big Capitana of the galleons heading for the harbour of Calais, drove up on the bar. Though the great bulk of the fighting ships rallied at daylight to the flag, the Armada was never again in a position to act concertedely.

But now, on Monday, July 29, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, gathering round him the remnants of his Armada, prepared for the final fight. The wind was blowing strong from the north-west, right over on to the Flemish shoals, and any disabled vessel was almost bound to go on shore. So he formed his ships up in a half moon, of which the horns were away towards the North Sea, and, still struggling to windward with port tacks aboard, beat to quarters, resolved, if he could not win, yet to die like a gallant nobleman of Spain. Down came the Englishmen with wind and tide in their favour, no longer keeping at a distance, but coming within "shot of arquebus," and pouring in their fire at close quarters as they broke through and through the Spanish line. Howard and Hawkins, Sheffield and Cumberland drove in the centre, whilst Drake and Frobisher crushed the southern, and Seymour and Wynter the northern horn of the crescent. Till 3 p.m. the battle raged, and the Spaniards were terribly beaten, Philip's power shattered, and the foundation of Britain's naval Empire firmly established.

How many of the Spaniards' ships were destroyed in this day's fight is unknown. The Lord Admiral says three were sunk and four or five driven ashore; the Spanish account points out that the ships of Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego Pimental, and Don Diego Enriquez "were now quite disabled and unserviceable, with most of their crews killed or wounded." The San Felipe and San Mateo went ashore on the Netherlands coast, and the San Juan de Sicilia sank in sight of an English man-of-war, just as she was about to become a prize. As for the great galliass on the bar at Calais, she was taken by the small boats of the Ark, the Margaret and John, and other ships; her captain, Don Hugo de Moncada, losing his life in a vain attempt to resist the boarders, led by one Richard Tomson of Ramsgate. The English plundered her, but the hulk fell a prize to the Governor of Calais.

Tuesday, July 30, the English were in hot pursuit, and at early dawn came up with the shattered remnant of the Armada. The San Martin, Sidonia's flag-ship, had many shot-holes between wind and water, and nearly all the galleons he could rely on were in still worse plight. The pilots told the Duke it was impossible, if the north-west wind continued, to prevent the whole of the Armada going upon the shoals off the coast of Zealand, and, says the Spanish writer, "the English, seeing that the Armada was on the point of being wrecked, refrained from attack." As a matter of fact we know that it was want of powder and shot which prevented

(Concluded on page 54.)

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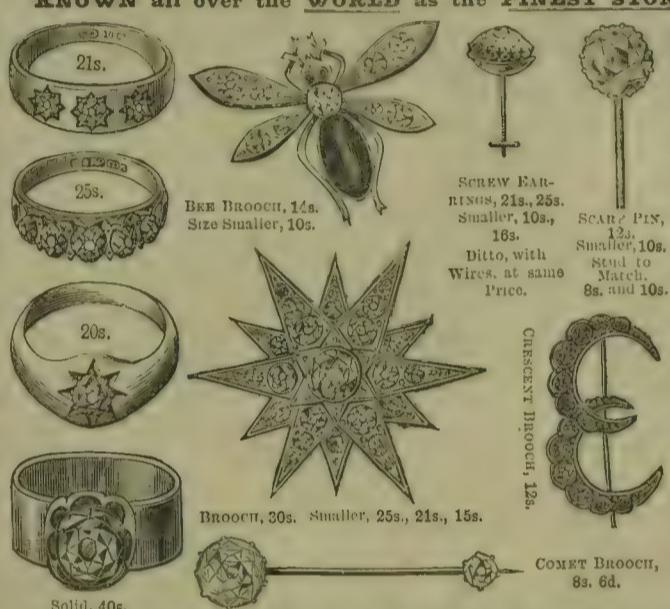
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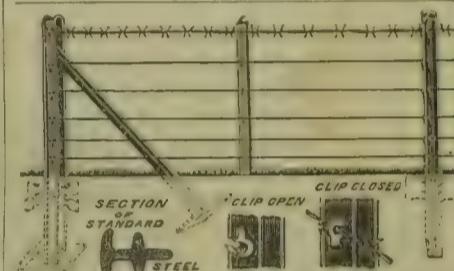
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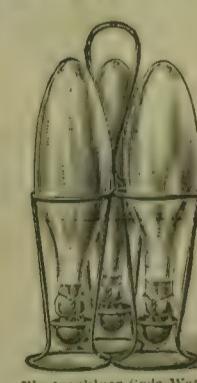
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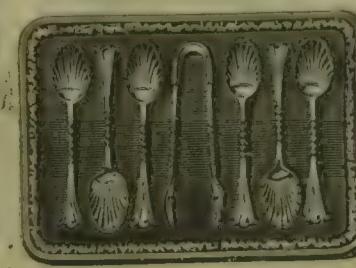
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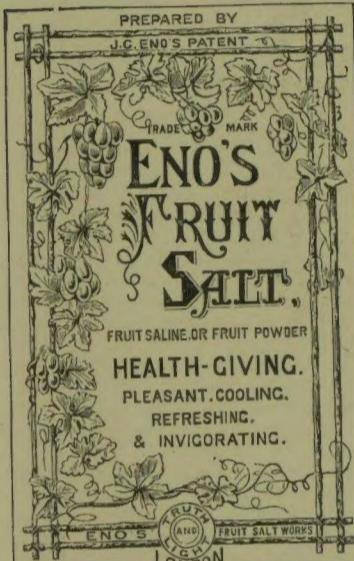
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Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per Cent.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.

The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.—Choice

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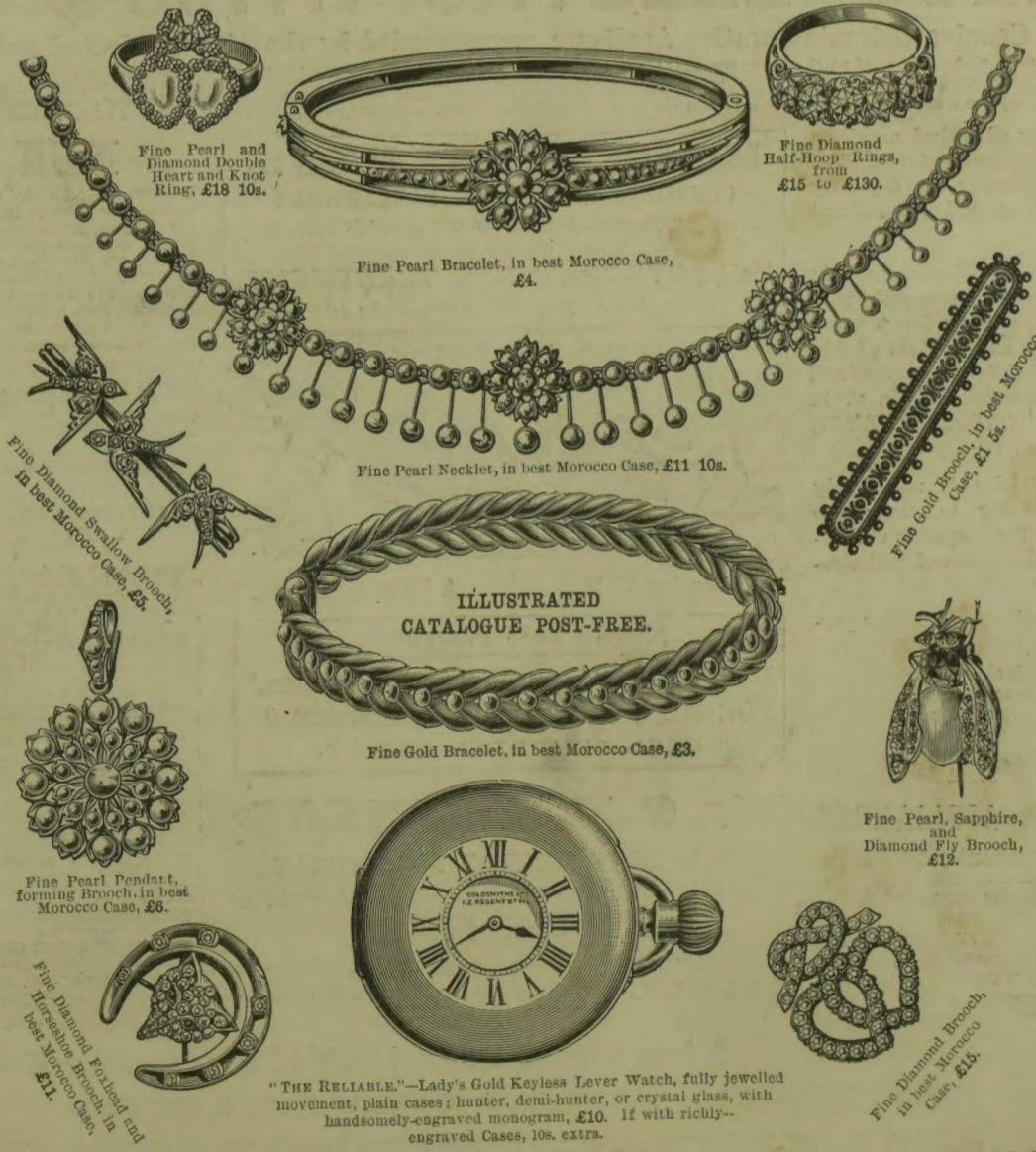
COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

CAUTION.—The Company regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT-STREET, W.

"A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS."

"We know of no enterprise of recent years which has been crowned with greater success than the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, who, just seven years ago, opened their show-rooms to place the productions of their workshops direct before the public, thus saving purchasers the numerous intermediate profits which are obtained by 'middle-men' on high-class goods. Such has been the appreciation by the public that the Company have now the largest business in England, and are quite supplanting the old-fashioned houses that pride themselves upon having been established so many decades, but have utterly failed to keep pace with the times, and find it impossible to depart from their long credit system, entailing bad debts, for which cash buyers have to compensate."—Court Journal.



DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Flies, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices.

SAPPHIRES from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

CASH PRICES.—The Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents, not being customers, should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, and which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

TESTIMONIALS.—The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers, is a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD JEWELLERY, Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

MEDALS.—Awarded Seven Gold and Prize Medals and the Legion of Honour, a special distinction conferred on this Firm for the excellence of their manufactures.

CATALOGUE containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post-free to all parts of the world.

GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT-STREET. CATALOGUE POST-FREE.

them making the most of their victory. However, when the Spaniards had got into 6 fathoms, "it pleased God to change the wind to W.S.W., and the Dons clawed off without losing a ship. Then the Duke called upon his officers for advice as to what should be done, and all the members of the council agreed that "the Armada ought to put back into the Channel if the weather allowed of its doing so, but if not, that, yielding to the weather, they should return by the North Sea to Spain." With this sop to their consciences they stood away to the northward, and the English left them to the care of the elements.

The "Invincible" Armada came, saw, and fled, the remainder of the story of the ill-fated expedition being merely a record of the difficulties, dangers, and disasters which befel the remnant in attempting to clear the Scotch and Irish coasts on their journey home to Spain. Thomas Fenner, who followed them so far as the Firth of Forth, and left them on Aug. 4 with a couple of pinnaces to keep an eye on their future movements, records their utter demoralisation. The gale increased, none stopped to succour a comrade, many foundered in the North Sea or were wrecked on the Scotch coast, more came to grief on the rocks of Ireland, and of the vessels which left the Tagus barely half returned. Of the 30,000 men who sailed in the Armada scarce one-third got back home again; those that the bullets of the English did not reach fell victims to the winds and the waves, the rocks and the shoals, hunger and thirst, or the savages of Ireland.

This was a sufficiently tragical termination to the expedition which less than a twelvemonth before had menaced the country so terribly. Never since has the English nation been exposed to a danger seemingly so imminent and so overwhelming. The lessons of the occurrences sank deep into the hearts of the people of that time. Their importance is not lessened by the three centuries that have passed. The defeat of the Armada taught friend and foe alike that Britain's shores are inviolate so long as Britain's fleet is efficient. The peril was undoubtedly increased by the procrastinating imprudence and vacillating policy of the authorities. It is a sufficient commentary on the state of affairs on shore that the preparations for the protection of the Thames were not even completed at the date of the fight off Gravelines. At the time that Queen Elizabeth was reviewing her troops at Tilbury the Armada was a scattered and defeated host. It was no mere chance, too, as Professor Laughton points out, that made our ships more handy, more weatherly, and more heavily armed than those of the enemy. These advantages were due to the foresight and enterprise of the English naval commanders, and not to them was the shame that these memorable battles were fought and the discomfiture of the enemy assured by seamen whose wages were unpaid, who were half-starved, and lamentably ill-supplied with the munitions of war.

Well might the Queen in State attend a public thanksgiving at St. Paul's, well might prayer and praise go up in gratitude for the Divine mercy. England had been true to herself, and no differences of religion or of politics had been able to weaken the national unity. To the safe keeping of her sons had been confided the integrity of the island, and under Divine Providence they had nobly sustained the trust reposed in them. We may well take the advice which Thomas Delany, in a contemporary ballad, gave his countrymen:

O noble England
Fall downe upon thy knee
And praise thy God with thankfull hart
Which still maintayneth thee.

And you deare bretheren
Whiche beareth armes this day,
For safegarde of your native soile,
Marke well what I shall say.
Regarde your dutties faithfully,
Thinke on youre countreys good
And feare not in defense thereof
To spend youre dearest bloud.

The old anchor, represented in one of our smaller engravings, lies, with several other naval trophies, outside the building of the Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall Yard. It was found on the coast of Donegal, where, and on the coasts of the Bay of Sligo, of Mayo, Galway, Clare, and Kerry, many of the ships of the Spanish Armada were wrecked on their way homeward from the North Atlantic. This anchor was presented by Admiral Ommaney, R.N., to the United Service Institution.

Mr. H. C. Rothery, the Wreck Commissioner, has, owing to continued ill-health, resigned his office.

At a meeting in Birmingham on July 5 a scheme was approved for a ship-canal from Birmingham, via South Staffordshire, the Potteries, and Cheshire, to the Mersey above Liverpool.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, while out driving on Sunday, July 8, lost control over the horse, which fell down a precipice, dragging the carriage with it. The Prince saved himself by clinging to a bush.

Among the numerous meetings of societies for benevolent purposes recently held are the following:—The anniversary festival of the Royal Caledonian Society, at which £850 was subscribed; that of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, the subscriptions amounting to £456; that of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution, donation of 1000 guineas being announced, of which £200 came from gardeners in small sums; that of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association, the subscriptions reaching £662. The Duchess of Albany visited Caterham on July 7, and distributed the prizes gained during the last term by the children of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools. The Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum have received from Captain Goddard, of the ship Melbourne, the balance of his contribution of £1000 to the institution. Lord Meath presided at the midsummer festival of the British Orphan Asylum, at Slough, on July 7. The Countess of Meath and a number of clergy and ladies and gentlemen also attended the proceedings. The anniversary festival of the Metropolitan Hospital was held at the Hôtel Métropole on July 11. What was described as a "Silver Wedding Celebration" took place at the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, on July 5. The arrangements, which were very varied, included a flower-show and conversations in the afternoon and evening. The Lord Mayor presided in the Mansion House at a meeting in aid of the fund for building the new Hospital for Women. He said that £8000 had been subscribed out of £20,000 which was needed. Resolutions in support of the object were passed. Princess Beatrice, who was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, paid a visit to Greenwich on July 10 for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the new Jubilee almshouses, which are to cost £1800, of which sum £1200 has been already subscribed. On the same day the Duchess of Teck distributed the prizes to the boys of the All Saints' Orphanage at Lewisham, an institution in which members of the Royal family have always taken a great interest.

THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.

The thirty-first exhibition of sporting and other dogs, held by the Kennel Club, took place this year at the Ranelagh Club, Barn Elms, Barnes. The entries were 1300 in number. In the challenge class for dogs, the prize was awarded to Mr. E. Brough's Barnaby, and that for bitches to Mrs. A. J. Danger's Jaff; in the open dog class, the first prize went to Dr. C. A. Longest's Alchemist. The mastiffs were a good collection; the first prize in the challenge class went to Mr. J. Sidney Turner's champion Beaufort; Mr. G. Willin's champion Cambrian



MR. R. BRYAN'S GREAT DANE, ZOTA, 1ST PRIZE.

Princess was first in the corresponding female class. In the open dog class, Mr. H. K. E. Van Doorne's Wodan was first. There was an excellent show of St. Bernards; in the challenge class for rough and smooth coated dogs, Mr. H. W. Roberts's Pouf took the prize, Dr. Inman's Plevna taking that for females; in the open rough-coated dog class, Mr. W. Jones's Young Wallace was first. In the open class for smooth-coated dogs Mr. L. Oppenheim's Austin Friar was first, Mr. G. Porter's Her Majesty II. being first among the opposite sex. Mr. J. F. Smith's Red Cross was first in the class of St. Bernard dog puppies. Mr. G. Chapman's Lady Teazle, Mr. W. Game's Esher Charlie, and Mr. E. Nichol's Miss Jummy took prizes among the Newfoundlands. In the challenge class for Great Danes, Mr. Reginald Herbert took the prize by the aid of Vendette. The champion prize for the challenge class of Irish setter dogs was awarded to Mr. M. H. Mills's Kildare, and for females, to the Rev. R. O'Callaghan's Aveline. The retrievers were a good collection; the prize in the challenge class for smooth-coated retrievers was awarded to Mr. Shirley's Moonstone. Viscount Melville's Gloom took the prize in the challenge class for curly-coated retrievers. Our Illustrations represent some of the prize-winners and other dogs.

LONG TESTED.

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AND
ADVICE FREE.

HARNESS'

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

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The only Guaranteed Genuine Galvanic Curative Appliance recommended by the highest Medical and Scientific Authorities.

If you are suffering from any slight derangement, with the cause of which you are acquainted, you will find that HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT affords a perfect means for the self application of Curative Electricity. It is cool and comfortable to wear, produces no shock, and is absolutely certain to do good in every case. The thousands of testimonials in favour of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT speak for themselves. A large number of them are published in "HARNESS' GUIDE TO HEALTH" (gratis and post-free); but sufferers are invited to call, if possible, at 52, OXFORD-STREET, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place), and convince themselves by personally inspecting the originals. IF YOU HAVE ANY REASON to fear that your sufferings are serious or complicated, you are recommended to call; or, if you reside at a distance, to write for a private "Advice Form"; which will be sent you by post (with Pamphlet), free of charge.

HARD FACTS.

Every advertised article is not a fraud and a delusion.

Thousands of Patients gratefully remember the day they saw our advertisement, and gave the natural and rational system of ELECTROPATHY a trial.

HARD FACTS.

The few Testimonials in favour of Electropathy published herewith are not written to order nor by a few personal friends—they are from utter strangers, and are taken indiscriminately from thousands of unsolicited reports received, which may be seen by anyone interested at Mr. C. B. HARNESS' Consulting Rooms, 52, OXFORD-STREET, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).

HARD FACTS. Electricity is not simply something to make the muscles contract and jump. The healing properties of Electricity, as exhibited under Harness' world-famed "Electro-pathic" Treatment, are multifarious.

Mr. HARNESS should be consulted at once, either personally or by letter, by all who suffer from

Nervous Exhaustion, Kidney Diseases, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Epilepsy, Liver Complaint, Brain Fag, Paralysis, Consumption, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Female Disorders, Lumbago, Constipation, General & Local Debility, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, Functional Disorders, &c.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC APPLIANCES

Promptly, Absolutely, and Permanently CURE.

PREMATURE OLD AGE!

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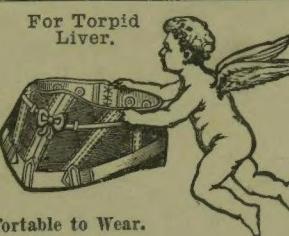
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THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW EXTRACTS FROM THE thousands of unsolicited unsolicited to call and inspect the Originals at the Electropathic Consulting Rooms, 52, Oxford-street, W.:-

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—Captain S. ESTALL, of 21, Chester-terrace, Sunderland, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has done me a power of good. I feel myself about twenty years younger since I have worn it."

INDIGESTION.—WILLIAM SMEETON, Lower Wyke, near Bradford, W., writes:—"My general health is a great deal better since wearing your Electropathic Belt. It has done me more good than all the patent medicines I have ever taken."

PARALYSIS.—ROBERT ROTHWELL, 9, Cooke-street, Hulme, Manchester, June 8, 1888, writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of your Electropathic treatment, as I am sure it has been a great boon to me. I used to have the fits several times a day, but now I have none, and the peculiar sensations incidental to this distressing disease entirely left me after wearing your appliances."

PAINS IN THE BACK.—The Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon, writes:—"The pain across the loins has quite left me. My nervous energy is greatly augmented since wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt."

CHRONIC LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA.—Captain GEORGE MULRAY, Royal Mail S.S. Alaska, Liverpool, June 13, 1888, writes:—"In reference to the Electropathic Belt I had from you some time ago—I was then a great sufferer from Chronic Lumbago and Sciatica, and wore your Belt for a short time next my skin—I have now left off the Belt and have never had any trouble with my back since. Whenever I feel any fatigue from exposure, I wear the Belt for a few days, and it has never failed yet to give me relief."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A. A. JAMES, Esq., F.R.H.S., Chapel-road, Lower Norwood, London, S.E., writes:—"I have obtained great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Appliances. The pains in my head have left me, and I feel stronger both generally and locally."

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The Right Hon. LORD BYRON says that "Harness' Electropathic Belt is invaluable for Sleeplessness."

RHEUMATIC GOUT.—Major PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—"Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Rheumatic Gout."

SCIATICA.—Mr. R. J. WATSON, Proprietor "Harwich Free Press," 13, Market-street, Harwich, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Sciatica. After wearing it for a week I got relief, and have gradually been getting better, and am now quite free from pain. P.S.—You are at liberty to publish this."

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"A LUXURY FOR SHAVING."

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.



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**CAMBRIc POCKET
HANDKERCHIEFS.**
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Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
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Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.
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BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

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A Shilling

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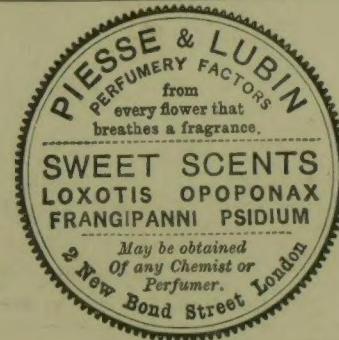
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100 YEARS Established as the
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preparation for
SHAVING.



It makes a
profuse, creamy and
fragrant lather, which
leaves the skin smooth, clean,
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ARSENICAL WATER of great RESTORATIVE PROPERTY
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Rheumatism — Respiratory Organs —
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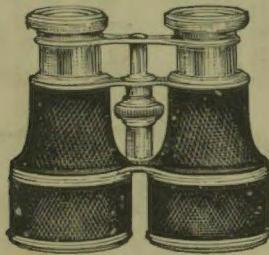
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